THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 6. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IMPRESSIVE OBSEQUIES.

A Large Congregation Assembled at St. James' Catholic Church to Do Honor to the Memory of the Late Bernard Callaghan.

Eloquent Funeral Discourse Delivered, After High Mass of Requiem, by the Rev. Daniel J. Riordan.

St. James' Catholic church, Wabash avenue and Twenty-ninth street, seldom held a larger congregation than that which assembled in the beautiful edifice on Thursday morning of last week to do honor to the memory of the late Bernard Callaghan, so long a member of the parish, whose mortal relics were borne from his late residence, No. 2962 Indiana avenue, by the following active pallbearers: John Cudahy, Patrick Cavanagh, John Sullivan, Thomas Glassbrook, James M. Reddy, and Edward Hudson. The honorary pallbearers were the Hon. John P. Hopkins, Hon. Thomas A. Moran, Dr. John Guerin, Captain Thomas Brenan, Willian J. Onahan, Judge Charles White, John Naghten, Hon. Richard Clifford, W. L. Mead and C. E. Gill. There were present also large delegations from both the Iroquois and Columbus clubs, of which the deceased gentleman was a member.

Among those noticed in the congregation were: Hon. E. M. Phelps, Hon. D. R. Cameron, Frank Walker, S. S. Gregory, P. McHugh, Thomas Courtney, Mr. Quick, Edward Queeney, Mr. Price, W. A. Amberg, D. F. Bremner, Rev. Hugh M'Guire, Rev. D. J. Riordan, Rev. D. Tighe, Fathers Muldoon, Earhart, Melody, Tolton, Byrne, Carroll, Van Pelt, Gilday, Croak, Dunne; Judge Goggin, D. Harry Hammer, W. P. Rend, Judge Gibbons, Attorney General Moloney, William J. Hynes, J. L. High, Thomas Judge, James W. Towhig, W. P. Nelson, Wm. J. Bulger, Thomas Kerns, Jacob W. Richards, M. J. Naghten, P. F. Gillespie, P. Cleary, P. Maher, Thos. H. Flood, Dennis Graham, Wm. Marks, Dr. C. P. Caldwell, Dr. McGowan, James Clifford, William Walsh, Edward Walsh, John J. Naghten, Wm. Thatcher, Roger Porter, E. S. Judd, John F. Finerty, John Phalin, Col. P. J. Hennessey, Wm. Carroll, Harry R. Eagle, John Deery, Dubuque, Ia.; Rev. Arthur Edwards, M. F. Gallagher, J. K. Prindiville, Hon. William K. Sullivan, William Fogarty and many other well-known citizens.

High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor of St. James' church, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Van Pelt and Gilday. At the conclusion of the mass, and when the service for the dead had been recited, the Rev. Daniel J. Riordan ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent obituary sermon, of which the following is a synopsis:

THE SERMON.

Rich men in virtue, lovers of beautifulness, living at peace in their house: All these have gained glory in their generations.—Ec. 41, 6-7.

A familiar face has disappeared, a conspicuous figure has dropped from the place it occupied in this community. In the death of our dear friend we must record a loss not only to a cherished household, but to the church of which he was a devoted member, and to Chicago of which he was a justly distinguished citizen. His death was no surprise to his friends. He had reached and passed even the term of life allotted by the Psalmist, "The days of our years are three score and ten." Psalms 89-9. At that advanced age life is most uncertain, uncertain it is at all ages. "My strength," says Holy Job, "is not the strength of stones, nor is my body of brass." And the words of Deuteronomy (28, 66-7) are addressed to all alike, to strong, vigorous and hopeful youth, as well as to feeble, decaying and despairing old age. "Thy life shall be as it were hanging before thee. Thou shalt fear night and day, neither shalt thou trust thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, 'Who will grant me evening? and at evening, who will grant me morning?'" But at 71 the end cannot be far off; we rather look for death, in the case of others, at least, though in regard to ourselves we are more hopeful. But in addition to weight of years, our dear friend had been for a long time a great sufferer. Disease which baffled the skill of his physicians had taken a strong hold on him, undermining his strength, lessening his vitality, ever pursuing with sure and steady aim its deadly work. There were moments of relief, weeks and months even at times, when the patient's strength seemed renewed and the fictitious glow of health returned, but the old, unmistakable symptoms would soon come back again, and the vitality was lowered, and the power of resistance further reduced. Only a strong constitution, impaired by no excess, enabled him to cope so long with sickness and to parry the fatal blow. While we prayed and hoped that his days might be prolonged, we were all the while preparing ourselves for the end. Signs were not long wanting to indicate the approaching dissolution. At their appearance the priest was sent for, the candles were lighted, and sorrowing friends, some of these the dearest that man can have on earth, knelt around the bedside, and the sick man's lips in response to the lively faith in his heart moved in fervent prayer. The offices of the church were recited, the symbols of God's love and mercy were displayed, and the food of angels administered as a support for the journey to eternity. In his room upon the walls hung pictures of the saints, whose countenances of unearthly beauty emphasize the power and comeliness of virtue; by the bedside a picture of the Holy Father, his spiritual chieftain, with a certificate granting the privilege of his blessing, and of a plenary indulgence in the hour of death, and clasped in his right hand, and what every Christian must value more than all other religious symbols, save only the sacraments of the church, the cross with the effigy of his God and dying Savior upon it; in such surroundings further hallowed by the prayers, mingled with tears, of those who were soon to meet with an unequaled loss, and of their comforting friends, the soul took its flight to another world, a world as real as this to which it has said its last farewell; a happier world, we hope, we believe even, for our hope is founded upon a Christian life crowned by a good and holy death.

Such a man could scarcely fail to become prominent. Gradually he forced his way to the front and became widely known, and, wherever known, highly respected. I point to the distinguished gathering before me in proof of the possession of splendid qualities and of the appreciation of those, who in a social and business way, were brought in contact with him. He was naturally an upright man, a thoroughly honest man, though possessed of a suavity of manner and engaging address, and a kind, sympathetic nature, yet it was his sterling honesty of character, more than all else, which won distinction for him, and the respect of those who knew him. He had the keenest sense of honesty. Above all human law and such legislative enactments as may be necessary to meet special emergencies in business life, he placed the moral law, and held that while the law might exempt him and his creditors freely cancel his obligations, he could not avail himself of the protection of the one, or of the graciousness of the other, to escape payment of what he owed. With him such an obligation ceased only with his inability to meet it. A friend—one who knew him well, wrote me a day or two ago, on hearing of his severe illness: "I have always admired him for his sterling honesty and integrity. Nothing could make him swerve from the line of duty." It was by the acts of such men upon the morrow of the great calamity, which placed rich and poor upon the same footing—promises made and nobly fulfilled, that everywhere inspired confidence in the honesty of our citizens, and a generous treatment without which we should be in ashes even to this day.

Prominent and successful in business, and that by reason of no smiles of good fortune, but by his natural energy and integrity, he was also distinguished in civic and social life. He was a lover of his country—of this country—for from the moment he set foot upon its soil, he inhaled its spirit and it became the country of his love. Patriotism here is no acquired virtue; it is a natural growth. There is a something here that at once fills an aching void in the human heart. The immigrant of yesterday may vie in sincere love of country with the man who can trace his ancestry back to the days of Independence. As a citizen he sought to discharge his duty manfully, fearlessly; was a promoter of peace and good order, a firm believer in equal rights for all. His merits received recognition in two important appointments. He was park commissioner for several years, and for two terms a member of the public library board.

In social life he was equally distinguished. Seldom you meet men with more pleasing manners; you meet none whose friendship is more honest and sincere. Then there was a warmth about his hospitality which attracted one to his home and placed his friends at ease. You were welcome, and you felt his friendship so genuine that you did not hesitate to approach him for any kindness in his power to grant.

He will be missed; his taking away even at so advanced an age is a loss, for in many fields he was still active and energetic. He will be missed by friends, and their name is legion: he will be missed in this church, of which he was always a most generous and cheerful supporter; he will be missed by the poor—and how many few only know, to whom his hand was open as the day in charity; he will be missed especially within a narrower circle, of which I shall not speak even a word, for their relations were too intimate, too sacred, to become the subject of a public utterance: and my object should be to allay grief not to renew it, to give solace and inspire comforting thoughts. And were it not for this I might draw a touching picture of him who had such a sympathetic heart, who never heard of a sorrow without a sigh, and never stood over the newly made grave of a friend without dropping a tear. I pass all this in silence and point in thankfulness to a most useful life. He has done good, and in such a belief I realize the truth of the inspired work, "Better is the day of death than the day of one's birth."

Death, after a good life, is the completion of a gift; it is the separation and rejection of the base alloy from the precious metal; it is the harvest, the gathering in of the fruits of the early spring and long summer days for future use and enjoyment. Death, they call it a curse; originally a punishment indeed it was, but it may be a blessing, the means of bestowing a new and higher form of life. If it lead to heaven, surely we may repeat the words, "Better is the day of death than the day of one's birth."

How far the conduct of our friend was the result of his religious belief it would be difficult to say. He had many natural virtues, which in a greater or less degree may exist without religious belief; yet I believe if questioned as to the influence of his faith, he would say it was paramount. At any rate he was a consistent Christian. From his young manhood to old age he was closely identified with many movements that had for their object the interests of the church. He was a generous contributor to the works of religion and charity, and valued especially whatever aided in the great work of higher Christian education. His name is emblazoned on the tablets of honor of the De LaSalle Institute and the Catholic University of America, to mention only two instances of his zeal in this important work. He was a practical Catholic, believed in his religion, practiced it, the value of it appearing to him all the greater with advancing years. No face was more familiar to the people of this parish, and no member ever enjoyed in a higher degree the respect of the pastors of this church. Are we not justified in thinking that as on Monday last he stood upon the far-off shining shore, a sound of gladsome words fell upon his soul, "Well done, good and faithful servant?" Such must have have been the sentence. There were imperfections, no doubt, in his life; there are sins, perhaps, for which full satisfaction has not been made, but nothing can dislodge the thought or disturb the hope we cling to, that his life has been weighed and has not been found wanting.

We will hold him in affectionate remembrance, and as we hope to be gainers by his example, we shall try to repay him by frequent and fervent prayers for the happy repose of his soul. May he sleep the sleep of the just, and may his soul rest in peace.

At the conclusion of the services, the remains were re-conveyed to the hearse, and the mournful cortege proceeded to Calvary cemetery, where the remains of the kind husband, good father and honored citizen were laid to rest.

MR. HENELY'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

A very pleasant birthday surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. Lawrence Henely, State Delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, No. 77 East Twenty-ninth street, on Thursday evening of last week, it being Mr. Henely's forty-seventh natal anniversary. Music, vocal and instrumental, was furnished by Mad. Anna Weiss, Miss Humphrey, Miss Laura Murray and Miss May Murray. Supper was served at 11 o'clock, and the hours passed pleasantly until after midnight, when the party broke up. Among those present were John T. Keating, P. V. Fitzpatrick, John F. Finerty, J. J. O'Connell, Dr. C. C. Higgins, Dr. Collins, J. J. O'Kennedy, J. W. Keys, Martin Mulcahy, M. S. Finegan, H. C. Smale, Frank Weiss, Mrs. Murray, and the ladies already mentioned.

LITERARY.

Stonewall Jackson as a Professor.

Jackson was not a popular professor. He had rigid notions of discipline and was uncompromising in his enforcement of the rules of the institute. He was unbending, uncongenial, intolerant of neglect of duty, inattention to studies, carelessness at drill, etc. This, combined with his eccentricities, made him a mark for the witticisms and the mischief of the cadets. They played tricks upon him, they made sport of him, they teased him, they persecuted him. All in vain. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, but went straight on in his own ways. As he was passing by the tall institute building one day, a vicious and cowardly cadet, who hated him, let drop a brick from the third-story window. It fell close by his feet, and his escape was almost miraculous. He did not deign to look up, and stalked on with contemptuous indifference. He brought charges against a cadet for some misdemeanor, and got him dismissed. The cadet was a daring and reckless character, and challenged him, accompanying the note with the message that if the professor failed to give him satisfaction in that way, he would kill him on sight. Jackson brought the challenge to me, and asked my advice in regard to swearing the peace against the cadet. I vehemently opposed it on the grounds that the cadets would always regard him as a coward, and that he would be annoyed by their contemptuous treatment. He heard me through pleasantly, thanked me for my advice, went straight to a magistrate and swore the peace against the cadet. There was a perfect hoot of derision in the town, in Washington College and in the institute. A military man, who had distinguished himself on the plains of Mexico, had taken an oath that he was in bodily fear of a mere stripling. But the end was not yet. The officer of the law was afraid to serve the writ on the young desperado, who easily kept out of his way. Jackson had rooms in the institute building. He went in and out as usual, both day and night. The dismissed cadet told his comrades that he would attack Jackson at a certain hour one day, but he did not. The time was changed to that night, to the next day, to the next night. But the attack never came, and the boys discovered that the blusterer was afraid of the man who had sworn the peace against him, and they turned their derision from the professor to their comrade. The explanation of his conduct was this: Jackson had let it be known that as a Christian he felt it to be his duty to avoid a difficulty, and therefore had gone to an officer of the law for protection. That failing, he had felt it to be a duty to protect himself, and had prepared himself for a personal affray. The cadet had seen the flash of that blue eye, and knew that the result of a collision would be fatal to himself. I have thought that no incident in the life of Jackson was more truly sublime than this. He was unmarried, a comparative stranger, with but few friends. He was ambitious, covetous of distinction, desirous to rise in the world, sensitive to ridicule, tenacious of honor,—yet, from a high sense of Christian duty, he sacrificed the good opinion of his associates, brought contempt upon his character as a soldier and a gentleman, and ran the risk of blighting his prospects in life forever. The heroism of the battlefield, yea, the martyr courage of the stake, are nothing to this.—*"The Real Stonewall Jackson," by Gen. D. H. Hill, in the February Century.*

THE KNIGHTS OF JESUS.

Interesting Discourse Delivered On "The Ideal Jesuit" By the Rev. Father Sherman, S. J., Before a Great Audience at Central Music Hall.

Some Popular Delusions in Regard to the Methods of the Famous Order Ably Refuted.

The Rev. Father Thomas Ewing Sherman, S. J., son of the renowned American general, lectured on "The Ideal Jesuit, or Fact vs. Fiction," before an immense audience, in Central Music Hall last Monday evening. The Rev. Father Corbely, S. J., of the Holy Family church, presided. The appearance of Father Sherman, who is a small, slignt gentleman, with an intellectual face and dark hair, his eyes shaded by glasses, was the signal for a great outburst of applause. Acclamations were frequent throughout his discourse.

A sea of attentive faces expanded in front, and in a semi-circle behind him sat Rev. P. J. Butler, Rev. J. M. Hayes, Rev. P. J. McDonald, Rev. W. J. McNamee, Rev. John C. Gillan, Rev. D. Egan, Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, Rev. L. A. Campbell, Rev. P. J. Tynan, Rev. P. O'Connor, Rev. Paola M. Ponzigliore, Rev. T. O'Sullivan, Rev. Father Dorney, Rev. Father Fitzsimmons, Brother Ajutor, W. J. Onahan, Thomas Brenan, Bernard Curtis, P. H. Keenan, Judge Scales, Captain Richardson, U. S. A.; Frank Lawler, J. A. Koenig, M. V. Gannon, W. P. Rend, J. P. Rafferty, P. R. Bulfin, J. J. Moore and John F. Finerty.

The reverend lecturer, after a brief and formal introduction to the audience, at once plunged into his theme, "The Ideal Jesuit." After a few preliminary remarks he said:

"Touch the little finger of the Goddess of Liberty and you commit a crime; but cut off the right arm, which is religious liberty, and you make America [illegible] among the nations instead of their boast.

"Why was the World's Fair so superb a success? Because a school of geniuses united in mind and heart and talent, and worked together toward that end. So it was that Ignatius Loyola saw that if he could get together a few men united in heart and genius he might do what the twelve apostles had done and unite the world in supreme Christian unity.

"I'm not ashamed to stand before an audience of Americans and say I serve a Spanish knight and gentleman, the founder of the Jesuits, Saint Ignatius de Loyola. I recently read in an American magazine that the Jesuits were a band of men who conspired, and who would have to be banished. Would you banish Marquette, who first traveled this country from Northern Wisconsin to the Mississippi, which he discovered, and who was the first white man to set foot in Chicago? Would you banish Carroll, who signed the Declaration of Independence, or de Smet, who was first to carry Christianity among the Rocky Mountains? Think of this before you say you'll banish from free America the sons of Loyola, who dare to bear the name of Jesus Christ. (Applause.)

He then proceeded to describe the character of St. Ignatius de Loyola—first soldier at the siege of Pampeluna, fighting almost single-handed against great odds; then, wounded, lying on his couch, how he determined to become a soldier of Christ and destroy the demon's work by loyalty, faith and submission to authority.

"In the Civil war, in the midst of one of our most trying battles," said Father Sherman, by way of illustration, "two Union officers fled the field—may God forgive them! Next day the regiment they belonged to was formed in hollow square, the recreant officers were marched in, had the shoulder-straps torn off them, and then the drummer boys drummed them out of the camp. That's the way the soldier Phil Sheridan treated the coward officers and that's the way the soldier Ignatius Loyola would treat the cowardly Christians." (Applause.)

Turning to the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation he said it gave every Jesuit a power that even Bismarck dreaded.

Loyola was illiterate; he could not decline or conjugate verbs; therefore, when his great idea seized him, he was content to sit as a little child on the school benches to learn the elements of Latin grammar. His zeal carried him away; he was tried by the Inquisition and put in prison; they could not understand him; these ecclesiastics were so cautious as not to allow every Tom, Dick and Harry to stand up and expound the word of God. Loyola knew enough to do it, but they did not know it. He went to Paris and encountered the same difficulties. At Rome he was accused of heresy by the Augustinian monks, and he demanded a trial; he insisted that his little body of followers should be free from the aspersions of false doctrine.

He looked upon Protestantism as an enemy from the start. Protestantism was founded on a wrong supposition. "We want to teach our Protestant brethren, sons of the same Father, that they, like us, should be members of the same church, of one communion; that is the only way of doing away with dissensions; the Catholic church is the only true parliament of religions.

"The Jesuit is a minister of meekness, save with his tongue. (Laughter.) The Jesuits were in a way men of the world rather than of the cell or the cloister, but they were always ready to retire into quietness and refresh their spirits whenever their chief demanded they should do so."

Describing the training of a young Jesuit, Father Sherman said he was 22 years old when he entered the order. He was sent as a novice to the English House of Manresa, near London, where novices were employed at gardening, helping in the kitchen, and other occupations calculated to take human pride down; it was necessary; every one who entered into religion thought he was going to convert the world, that he was a second Paul. There were certain rigid rules to be followed, every hour's work being marked by the tinkle of a bell. Father Sherman made the audience laugh by recounting his experiences as a haymaker at the Manresa Noviate and his startling alteration of the rules in order to make the work a success.

After a course of five years' philosophy the postulant was sent to assist in the schools, and then he met the problem of life in America—the American boy! He began to wrestle with character; the school room was the drill ground of the Jesuit, and the years spent by him there gave experience which was invaluable in his after life. Then he got four long years studying theology.

"At length comes the grand mystic day when he is lifted up, when the Holy Spirit comes upon him in all its fullness and he is invested with power to call the Christ child down into his open hands, to give men their spiritual food and to wipe sins from the souls of men." (Applause.)

Refuting the charge that the Jesuits did not favor liberty, he described how, 250 years ago, when King James, of England, arrogated to himself almost divine power in making laws, the Jesuits Bellarmine and Suarez attacked the King, maintaining that the power lay with the people, who gave it to whom they pleased, and that absolutism was fatal to liberty. Henry of Navarre himself took up the cudgels in favor of the Jesuits when it was proposed to expel them from France.

He referred to the charge that the Jesuits were a wealthy order, constantly accumulating money for themselves, as a foolish, ignorant statement, too ridiculous for contradiction. The principles of the order were poverty, chastity and obedience. When the English man-of-war Victoria went down the officers and men acted up to their orders to the [illegible] "If the captain of that vessel did his duty would you have a soldier's son stand before an audience and apologize for his obedience?" Here the applause was cyclonic.

"Comrades, loyal comrades, in life and death I hail you," concluded Father Sherman, apostrophizing the members of his order, "men true to him who gave us his blood, and who work for Jesus in fact and not in fiction."

THIRTEEN ALL.

The dinner of the Thirteen Club, over which Mr. Harry Furniss presided on Saturday night, at the Holborn Restaurant, might be described as an amusing entertainment entitled "Thirteen All." Wherever and whenever that mystic number could be applied, it was run in, so to speak, regardless of expense. There were thirteen tables in No. 13 room; there were thirteen guests at each, thirteen lamplights and thirteen courses; and so important was the underlying principle deemed, that at one or two tables where a guest had failed to appear, waiters were promoted to the vacant chair and devoured the viands they should have served. The salt-cellars were small plaster-coffins, and the condiment was shovelled out in miniature grave diggers' spades. Japanese skeletons embraced the stems of the chandeliers, and the fairy lights glimmered uncannily through plaster skulls. The knives were crossed, the serviettes were garnished with peacock feathers, and the chairman, whose solemnity under the trying circumstances was delightful to witness, sat under a huge trophy which boldly defied fate by an audacious combination of black cat, peacocks' tails, skulls and crossbones, witch's cauldron and evil eye. So determined were the managers of the banquet to do the Thirteen All trick, that they had actually secured a brace or two of cross-eyed waiters to assist in the ceremonies. As you cannot hire a squint like a court suit, or stick it on like false mustaches, this proved to be no easy business; but the men were at last discovered, and probably for the first time in their lives found something to be proud of in their obliquity of vision. Two of these waiters, as cross-eyed as the most thirteenth of the company could desire, were seen in the ante-room while the guests mustered, apparently gazing at the cast of Colonel Haggard's gigantic lake trout, but in reality looking for Mr. W. Harnett Blanch, the president's signal. The guests as they arrived were adorned with neat little skeletons for buttonholes, and those who are not in the habit of entrusting the tying of the white chokers to their women folks, and were therefore competent to do the work, divested themselves of their neckcloths and substituted the glaring green neckties recommended as an essential part of the game. The chairmen were distinguished by coffin-shaped rosettes and crossbones for buttonholes. When the signal was given the cross-eyed waiters seized a large mirror that had been reposing on an easel near some of the Piscatorial Society's stuffed pike, and shivered it with exceeding cordiality. This smash-up being virtually the sounding of the gong, the chairman led the way, all passing under a ladder to enter the dining-room, where the skullified table lamps, stark red menus, and other paraphernalia of an outre character had a weird effect until you were used to it. The headstones of the salt-cellars bore an inscription which even the swivel-eyed could read, and it was both a motto and explanation. Thus it ran:

To the Memory of
Many Senseless Superstitions, Killed by
The London Thirteen Club,
1894.

The dishes were of the usual kind, but they were named to fit the entertainment, and appeared in *menu* French as serpents' tongues, cuttlefish and Friday sauce, veal cutlets a la full moon, fowl a la black cat, spectral pudding, toads in jelly, witches' compote, etc. The toastmaster, in the course of the dinner, challenged attention by: "Gentlemen to the right (or left) the chairman will be happy to spill salt with you." Mr. Furniss, of course, made a capital chairman, and disposed of the preliminary loyal toast in thirteen words. "The House of Parliament," however, could not be dealt with in that fashion, for "Lika Joka" wished to point out that the Houses of Commons, and certainly the Prime Ministers, were not superstitions. A study of the Blue Books showed that the Home Rule bill was introduced on Feb. 13, read a first time, and ultimately thrown out by the lords on a Friday. Mr. Gladstone refused an interview to the Ulster members on a 13th day of a month, or on a Friday. This toast was responded to by Mr. H. S. Foster, M. P., who is a member of the Thirteen Club, and who enumerated a number of vain beliefs which amount to superstitions in association with Parliament. There was some excellent singing during the evening, and Mr. President Blanch had written for the occasion a song entitled "The Superstitious Man, set to music by Mr. G. Le Brun. It was uproariously applauded and encored, and the chorus, with its "I'm not superstitious, no, not I," caught on with fervid promptness. The toast of the evening, given by the chairman, was really a sentiment embodying a pronunciamento, "Enemies of superstition, ignorance and humbug, drink success to the London Thirteen Club," and the speech in which it was propounded was a happy compound of Furnissian humor and chairmanlike statements. Thus, the objects of the Club were set forth, and its hostile critics chaffed; and, by-and-by, amidst a general shivering of small hand-mirrors, with which the guests had been supplied along with the dinner napkins, for the express purpose, "Success to the Thirteen Club" was drunk. The subscription [illegible] is [illegible] thirteen shillings a year, payable on the 13th of the month, but members who require thirteen applications from the treasurer are regarded as carrying out the idea a little too minutely. Thirteen All certainly proved a very amusing entertainment, and Mr. Blanch, the president, deserved all the praise he received for its success.—*Daily News.*

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

An election of officers was held in Company B on Thursday, Jan. 30, with the following result: First Lieutenant M. Punch, captain; Second Lieutenant D. O'Neill, first lieutenant; First Sergeant M. Duhig, second lieutenant.

Company G also held an election on Feb. 5 and selected the following officers: First Lieutenant Garry, captain; Second Lieutenant Barrett, first lieutenant; Sergeant Stanton, second lieutenant.

Captain Hartigan was the presiding officer at the election in Company B, and Major Carroll presided at Company G's election.

The Seventh Infantry are making extensive preparations for a fine turnout on St. Patrick's Day, when they expect to have their new Irish flag, which is being made by Mr. John Beegan, and which will be one of the finest Irish flags in this country.

THE EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

The committee having in charge the arrangements for the celebration of the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, have decided to hold the entertainment in Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, March 3. The following officers have been selected by the committee: President, P. V. Fitzpatrick; vice president, M. Fitzgerald; financial secretary, Patrick Kealy; recording secretary, A. Donoghue; treasurer, William Gavin.

Deprived of Her Pension.

[*To the Editor.*]

PIPER CITY, Jan. 7.—A sad case is reported from the poorhouse of Celbridge, county Kildare, Ireland, of a Mrs. Daly, whose husband was killed fighting in this country for the Union, being by the present administration deprived of her $80 a year pension. It is a curious commentary on the pension bureau, and a poor recompense for Irish valor. Mrs. Daly was forced into the hated workhouse to spend Christmas, and it is left to two English colonels to look after her claim on the United States government. For the sake of "auld lang syne"—having spent some pleasant times at Celbridge going to and from Maynooth College—I have written to the clerk of the Union for particulars regarding this case. An administration which with one hand regardless of expense tries to set up Queen Lily Kill-all-of-'em in Hawaii, and with the other clutch robs a poor Irish widow of her just right, must be held to account by every honest Irishman. In questions of American politics I am like the young Irish fellow in the faction fight, he belonged to neither party, but himself mouldy for battle and having a good blackthorn, wherever he saw a head going wrong he hit it hard.

BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY.

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

Owen McCarthy did not work with more zeal and ability as an humble cottier, than he did when a farmer; but the tide was against him as a landholder, and instead of having advanced, he actually lost ground until he became a pauper. No doubt, the peculiarly unfavorable run of two hard seasons, darkened by sickness and famine, were formidable obstacles to him; but he must eventually have failed, even had they not occurred. They accelerated his downfall, but did not cause it.

The Irish people, though poor, are exceedingly anxious to be independent. Their highest ambition is to hold a farm. So strong is this principle in them, that they will, without a single penny of capital, or any visible means to rely on, without consideration or forethought, come forward and offer a rent which, if they reflected only for a moment, they must feel to be unreasonably high. This, indeed, is a great evil in Ireland. But what, in the meantime, must we think of those imprudent landlords, and their more imprudent agents, who let their land to such persons, without proper inquiry into their means, knowledge of agriculture, and general character as moral and industrious men? A farm of land is to be let; it is advertised through the parish; application is to be made before such a day, to so and so. The day arrives, the agent or land-steward looks over the proposals, and after singling out the highest bidder, declares him tenant, as a matter of course. Now, perhaps, the said tenant does not possess a shilling in the world, nor a shilling's worth. Most likely he is a newly married man, with nothing but his wife's bed and bedding, his wedding suit, and his blackthorn cudgel, which we may suppose him to keep in reserve for the bailiff. However, he commences his farm; and then follow the shiftings, the scramblings, and the fruitless struggles to succeed, where success is impossible. His farm is not half-tilled; his crops are miserable; the gale day has already passed; yet, he can pay nothing until he takes it out of the land. Perhaps, he runs away—makes a moonlight flitting—and, by the aid of his friends, succeeds in bringing the crop with him. The landlord, or agent, declares he is a knave; forgetting that the man had no other alternative, and that they were the greater knaves and fools too, for encouraging him to undertake a task that was beyond his strength.

In calamity, we are anxious to derive support from the sympathy of our friends; in our success, we are eager to communicate to them the power of participating in our happiness. When Owen once more found himself independent and safe, he longed to realize two plans on which he had for some time before been seriously thinking. The first was to visit his former neighbors, that they might at length know that Owen McCarthy's station in the world was such as became his character. The second was, if possible, to take a farm in his native parish, that he might close his days among the companions of his youth, and the friends of his maturer years. He had, also, another motive; there lay the burial-place of the McCarthy's, in which slept the moldering dust of his own "golden haired" Alley. With them—in his daughter's grave—he intended to sleep his long sleep. Affection for the dead is the memory of the heart. In no other grave-yard could he reconcile it to himself to be buried; to it had all his forefathers been gathered; and though calamity had separated him from the scenes where they had passed through existence, yet he was resolved that death should not deprive him of its last melancholy consolation;—that of reposing with all that remained of the "departed," who had loved him, and whom he had loved. He believed, that to neglect this, would be to abandon a sacred duty, and felt sorrow at the thought of being like an absent guest from the assembly of *his own* dead; for there is a principle of undying hope in the heart, that carries, with bold and beautiful imagery, the realities of life into the silent recesses of death itself.

Having formed the resolution of visiting his old friends at Tubber Derg, he communicated it to Kathleen and his family; his wife received the intelligence with undisguised delight.

"Owen," she replied, "indeed I'm glad you mintioned it. Many a time the thoughts of our place, an' the people about it, comes over me. I know, Owen, it'll go to your heart to see it; but still, avourneen, you'd like, too, to see the ould faces an' the warm hearts of them thas pitied us, an' helped us, as well as they could, when we war broken down."

"I would, Kathleen; but I'm not goin' merely to see thim an' the place. I intind, if I can, to take a bit of land somewhere near Tubber Derg. I'm unaisy in my mind, for 'fraid I'd not sleep in the graveyard where all belongin' to me lie."

A chord of the mother's heart was touched; and in a moment the memory of their beloved child brought the tears to her eyes.

"Owen, avourneen, I have one requist to ax of you, an' I'm sure you won't refuse it to me; if I die afore you, let me be buried wid Alley. Who has a right to sleep so near her as her own mother?"

"The child's in my heart still," said Owen, suppressing his emotion: "thinking of the unfortunate mornin' I wint to Dublin, brings her back to me. I see her standin' wid her fair pale face—pale—oh, my God!—wid hunger and sickness—her little thin clo'es, an' her golden hair, tossed about by the dark blast—the tears in her eyes, an' the smile that she once had on her face—houldin' up her mouth, an' sayin' 'Kiss *me* agin, father;' as if she knew, somehow, that I'd never see her, nor her me, any more. And whin I looked back, as I was turnin' the corner, there she stood, straining her eyes after her father, that she was then taking the last sight of until the judgment day."

His voice here became broken, and he sat in silence for a few minutes.

"It's sthrange," he added, with more firmness, "how she's so often in my mind!"

"But Owen, dear," replied Kathleen, "sure it was the will of God that she should lave us. She's now a bright angel in heaven, an' I dunno if it's right—indeed, I doubt its sinful for us to think so much about her. Who knows but her innocent spirit is makin' intherceasion for us all, before the blessed Mother o' God! Who knows but it was her that got us the good fortune that flowed in upon us an' that made our strugglin' and our laborin' turn out so lucky."

The idea of being lucky or unlucky is, in Ireland, an enemy to industry. It is certainly better that the people should believe success in life to be, as it is, the result of virtuous exertion, than of contingent circumstances, over which they themselves have no control. Still there was something beautiful in the superstition of Kathleen's affection's; something that touched the heart and its dearest associations.

"It's very true, Kathleen," replied her husband; "but God is ever ready to help them that keeps an honest heart, an' do everything in their power to live creditably. They may fail for a time, or he may thry them for awhile, but sooner or later good intintions and honest labor will be rewarded. Look at ourselves—blessed be his name!"

"But whin do you mane to go to Tubber Derg, Owen?"

"In the beginnin' of the next week. An' Kathleen, ahagur, if you remimber the bitther mornin' we came upon the world—but we'll not be spakin' of that now. I don't like to think of it. Some other time, maybe, when we're settled among our ould friends, I'll mintion it."

"Well, the Lord bliss your endayvors, any how! Och, Owen, do thry an' get us a snug farm somewhere near them. But you didn't answer me about Alley, Owen?"

"Why, you must have your wish, Kathleen, although I intended to keep that place for myself. Still we can sleep one on aich side of her; an' that may be asily done, for our burying ground is large: so set your mind at rest on that head. I hope God won't call us till we see our childhre settled dacently in the world. But sure, at all evints, let his blessed will be done!"

"Amin! amin! Its not right of any one to keep their hearts fixed too much upon the world; nor even, they say, upon one's own childhre."

"People may love their childhre as much as they please, Kathleen, if they don't let their *grah* for them spoil the crathurs, by giving them their own will, till they become headstrong and overbearing. Now, let my linen be as white as a bone for Monday, plase goodness; I hope, by that time, that Jack Dogherty will have my new clothes made; for I intind to go as dacent as ever they seen me in my best days."

"An' so you will, too, avillish. Throth, Owen, it's you that'll be the proud man, steppin' in to them in all your grandeur? Ha, ha, ha! The spirit o' the McCarthy's is in you still, Owen."

"Ha, ha, ha! It is, darlin; it is, indeed; an' I'd be sarry it wasn't. I long to see poor Widow Murray. I dunna is her son Jemmy married. Who knows, afther all we suffered, but I might be able to help her yet?—that is, if she stands in need of it. But, I suppose, her childhre's grown up now, an able to assist her. Now, Kathleen, mind Monday next: an have everything ready. I'll stay away a week or so, at the most, an' afther that I'll have news for you about all o' them."

When Monday morning arrived, Owen found himself ready to set out for Tubber Derg. The tailor had not disappointed him; and Kathleen, to do her justice, took care that the proofs of her good housewifery should be apparent in the whiteness of his linen. After breakfast, he dressed himself in all his finery; and it would be difficult to say whether the harmless vanity that peeped out occasionally from his simplicity of character, or the open and undisguised triumph of his faithful wife, whose eyes rested on him with pride and affection, was not calculated to produce a smile.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Unseen Enemy

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system, and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack, avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA."

THE BOTTOM PLANK OF MENTAL HEALING, a simple exposition of the power of the individual to resist and cure disease by mental or spiritual methods is a very popular work and having a large sale.

THE WOMAN'S WAY TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY, is another work in great demand. These books and *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, for one year, will be forwarded on receipt of the subscription price, 50 cts.

The subscription price to *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, one of our most wide-awake and progressive periodicals, is 50 cents per year. ELEANOR KIRK,

698 Greene-av., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows, instinctively, that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m. and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

POINTERS ON THE GRIP.

A Description of the Disease by One Who Has Suffered.

Ever had the grip? I will give you a few pointers. You will imagine you have a bad cold, and you can wear it out, but you need not try it. The grip has fastened his fangs onto you and will not let go. You have got to give up, go home and go to bed. In a short time you will realize Beecher's dream of hell. You will think your head has been removed and an old beehive with the empty comb left in its place. Your mouth will taste like a pail of sauerkraut. You have the grip.

The doctor comes, looks you over, puts his thermometer in your mouth, finds your temperature 104 degrees in the shade, your pulse going at the rate of two miles and three laps to the second. He orders you to stay in bed and gives you medicine that is so strong and sour that simply setting the bottle on the clock shelf stopped the clock. He will tell your wife that she may give you warm drinks and try to get you to sweat and take his leave. Now, all wives are family doctors by right of their position in the house, and as you have gone to sleep, delirious and exhausted, she begins her treatment by putting a belladonna plaster across your lungs, a flaxseed poultice on one side and a mustard poultice on the other, a hot flatiron and a jug of hot water to your feet, and a sack of boiled corn in the ear, piping hot, to your back. You sleep and dream of being away to the far north in search of the north pole or out in the center of some beautiful sheet of water, like Lake Superior or the lawn tennis skating rink, helpless and alone, with the ice breaking all around you and you slowly sinking. You finally awake, burned, blistered and baked. The doctor calls, finds your temperature about 80 degrees at the north side of the house and your pulse normal, not needing a pacemaker. He pronounces you better, convalescing; orders beef tea, chicken soup, gruel and toast as a diet. You take the big rocking chair exhausted, tired, discouraged and ugly; you feel like licking your wife, kicking the dog and breaking up the furniture, but you won't do anything but sit there day after day weak, helpless and tired.—Winona (Minn.) Herald.

Making Billiard Cushions.

The making of billiard cushions is an important industry, but is carried on by two or three firms alone, and while the story of the difficulty which has been overcome in preventing the ball from sinking into the rubber and thus destroying the angle desired to be taken is an interesting one it has been told before and will not be repeated now. In the early days of the industry the manufacturer employed valve rubber and obtained a much better price for it when it was worked up into the cushion.

Then the cushion maker set his wits to work to get the valve rubber cheaply, but, in those days it was strongly held, and none was allowed to pass to that industry unless it paid the enhanced royalty. Finally the combination was broken by a firm in Pittsburg ordering the valve rubber ostensibly for ordinary use, but shipping it back to New York for the intended purpose. So skillfully and patiently was this done that a great quantity was accumulated, and the valve rubber man threw up the sponge. Now billiard cushions are made of molded rubber, an evolution which came along later.—Hardware.

La Fontaine's Opinion of Himself.

"La Fontaine," said one of the most brilliant critics and wits of the famous fable writer's time, "is such a fool that he does not know he has more genius than Æsop or Phædrus."

In truth, he was a severe critic of his own work. He attended the first presentation of his "Astree," and sat near some ladies who did not know him. At some of the important passages he exclaimed: "That is wretched! That is absurd!"

When they protested that it was good, and that it was by the great La Fontaine, he rejoined:

"That makes no difference. The piece is bad. I know that La Fontaine you are speaking of. He's a stupid fellow. He's myself."

Then he went out, entered a cafe and went to sleep in a corner. Some of his friends found him there and inquired why he wasn't listening to "Astree."

"Oh," said the author, rousing himself and stifling a yawn, "I just came away. The first part displeased me greatly. No one agreed with what I said about it, but I didn't care to hear more. I admire the patience of the Parisians."—Youth's Companion.

Gambling.

A considerable proportion of failure in business and 90 per cent of the defalcations and theft and ruin of youth among people who are employed in places of trust are due directly to gambling. I have seen in my vast employment so much misery from the head of the family neglecting its support, and squandering his earnings in the lottery or the policy shop, and promising young men led astray in a small way, and finally becoming fugitives or landing in the criminal dock, that I have come to believe that the community which licenses and tolerates public gambling cannot have prosperity in business, religion in its churches or morality among its people.—Chauncey Depew.

Coyote and Eagle.

W. C. Plummer of Prineville once witnessed an exciting fight between an eagle and a coyote. The eagle had caught a rabbit, and the coyote undertook to take it away from him. The eagle defended his prey manfully for some time, but the coyote was too much for him and finally got away with the rabbit, but not until after the eagle had clawed several handfuls of hair out of his back and left him somewhat disfigured.—Portland Oregonian.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

A MOMENT OF SUPREME PERIL.

How Courage and Presence of Mind Saved Hundreds of Lives.

There are still persons living in London who can recall the magnificent Chinese museum collected by Mr. Nathan Dunn, a munificent merchant of Philadelphia and Hong-Kong, which was first located in Philadelphia, and then brought to London in the early years of the queen's reign. It was intended as a donation to the public, but was unfortunately burned. The building first erected—now the site of the Philadelphia Continental hotel—for this display of the treasures of the then sealed kingdom had an upper room which was about 35 feet high and very long and narrow. In the center part of this immense auditorium were collected one evening about 3,000 persons At near 9 o'clock the manager of the building came to the leader of the meeting, white with affright, and told him that the floor had sunk nearly a foot, and that in a few minutes more the tennents of the joists might be out of their sockets. The floor would then fall through on to the Chinese museum, and the walls, 60 feet in height, would collapse and be precipitated, with the roof, upon the assembly.

This might have caused the death of those present—the foremost people in Philadelphia. The leader explained to the person whom the audience expected next to hear that by addressing the assembly from the end of the hall he could withdraw the company from the sunken part of the floor to that where the front walls strengthened the joists to bear the weight of the people. The reply to this was that his family was in the audience, and that he must get them out first.

"You shall not," said the leader; "a hint of danger—a rush—and we shall all be under the fallen walls and roof. Five minutes' delay may kill us altogether."

As a boy in the audience, I well remember my surprise at seeing the leader suddenly appear at the far front of the room and tell the people that they would next be addressed from where he stood—the organ loft. As the audience turned and moved to the front, the flooring rose six inches. The people were entertained, partly by an impromptu sentimental song in a voice without a quaver, in the very face of death, and as soon as practicable they were quietly dismissed. Not a single individual in that great assembly was aware that, by the presence of mind of one man, an awful catastrophe had been averted. Three thousand persons were saved from being buried under two side walls 60 feet high, pressed down by a heavy roof.

The imagination sickens at the thought of what would have been the consequence of a panic and sudden alarm by the failure of the courage of this man. All use of the room was of course suspended till it was effectually strengthened. So well was the secret kept that I only learned it long afterward. I am confident that, excepting the speaker referred to and the manager of the building, no one outside the immediate family of the man whose courage prevented this catastrophe has known the whole story till now. The terror of those minutes before the crowd was moved and the floor rose toward its level was such that he never, even in his own family, alluded to the scene, though he lived for 40 years afterward. I know not if the self possession of M. Dupuy, when the bomb exploded in the French assembly, was greater than this hitherto unknown act of heroism.—R. P. S. in London Spectator.

A Valuable Paperweight.

A student at Jefferson college owns a highly prized paperweight, inherited from his father, who was a student at Heidelberg university, which is said to have no counterpart except one owned by W. W. Astor, who was also a student there.

It is a limestone stalactite about a foot high, obtained from a cave near the upper Rhine, mounted on a pedestal of onyx and encircled with a narrow silver band, whose whorls, like that of a slender shaving, extend the whole distance at irregular intervals from base to summit.

These intervals mark the different stages of the stalactite's growth, scientifically calculated, and on the band, which was affixed by a learned Heidelberg professor, are engraved the various periods of time. First come the geological eras, when the whorls are widely separated. Then narrowing into the historic periods come the Babylonic and Egyptian, the Roman and renaissance or modern epochs. The first periods are marked by widths of varying inches, the latter by varying halves, quarters and eighths of an inch.—Philadelphia Record.

Standing Room Only.

I was intensely amazed and amused when in a cable car in New York one day to hear the conductor call, just before the car turned onto Fourteenth street, "Hold fast!" and the way standers made wild grasps for straps made one think perhaps the car was about to perform some sort of pas seul.. But not at all! It merely slewed around the corner as our cars do every few minutes without the warning of any conductor, and not until it was humming well on its course up Broadway did people relax their holds and the fixed tension of their expression.—Cor. Boston Advertiser.

A Graduate.

He was suffering with a pain and slight swelling in his breast and visited the doctor for relief, who turned him over to the kid, one of the hospital assistants, with instructions to have the swollen parts painted. The kid dipped his brush into the iodine, and with a flourish drew a circle around the swollen part and proceeded to fill it in, when the patient remarked, "You are an expert at making a circle." "Yes," was the reply, "I was born and raised in a shooting gallery." The patient fainted.—Stillwater (Minn.) Prison Mirror.

Gear's election to the senate increases the number of ex-governors in that body to fifteen. The youngest is Hill.

A boy about 19 years old was taken to Huron, S. D., by the federal authorities charged with robbing the mail pouch at Wessinger Jan. 19.

Bishop Gabriels has gained the consent of Pope Leo to establish a Catholic summer school at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Joseph Simons was killed by a Pittsburg and Western train at Girard, O.

Smallpox has been introduced into New Hampton, Ia., by a man from Chicago visiting relatives.

The cause of the cab strike in Berlin is a police order requiring cabmen to wear white glazed hats as a distinguishing mark.

* * *

Bob Ramsey shot Dan W. Deck dead because the latter would not permit him to have a livery horse at Atlanta, Ga. Ramsey was drunk.

Freeman Lindsay, 14 years old, broke through the ice and was drowned at Piqua, O.

Dr. Austin Pegg of Ossian, Ia., the surgeon indicted with Pension Attorney Van Leuver, died of brain fever at his home.

Francis Murphy, the temperance evangelist, closed a two weeks' meeting at Dunkirk, Ind. One thousand persons signed the pledge.

Robert Gilliland, a Cherokee Strip settler, was tied to his floor by barbed wire and robbed of all his money, $132. The thieves are said to be members of the Dalton gang.

Two negroes broke into a railroad depot at Charleston, Kan., and stole 500 first-class tickets.

Frank Huntsinger, the oldest switchman in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, was knocked from a car and killed at Mason City, Ia.

Eighty employes of the polishing department of the Diamond Plate Glass works, Kokomo, Ind., are on strike against extra work. This will throw 500 men out of work.

Among the mills which will start up at once are: The iron mills at Muncie, Ind.; S. Sanford & Sons, carpet manufacturers, Amsterdam, N. Y., 3,000 men; Pusy & Jones, machine shops, Wilington, Del.; Forest City Electric works, Geneva, O.; Dowagiac grain drill manufactory.

Burglars blew open the safe of Dr. H. Parkhurst's jewelry store at Danvers, Ills., and took $1,000 worth of valuables.

* * *

Hannah, Samuel, and Rebecca Goldberg sued William Wenzel of Michigan City, Ind., for $30,000 damages. Wenzel caused them to vacate a house owned by him on a winter day.

J. D. Slatford of Chicago was awarded custody of his children at St. Johns, N. B., but his wife kidnaped them.

PASSED THE TARIFF BILL

THE MEASURE DISPOSED OF BY THE LOWER HOUSE.

Reed, Crisp, and Wilson Given Tremendous Ovations, the Last Named Congressmen Being Carried Upon the Shoulders of Three Members.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The Wilson tariff bill, with the internal revenue bill, including income tax, as an amendment, has passed the house by a vote of 204 to 140.

The debate, which has occupied the attention of the house for four weeks, closed with an unrivaled burst of oratory. Crisp, Reed, and Wilson—the giants of the house—came forward in the closing hours to prosecute and defend the great issue—the inauguration of a new economic system in the greatest republic of the world. Attracted by anticipation of a field day

CONGRESSMAN WILSON.

and speeches of the leaders, the Washington populace turned out en masse to witness it. Long before 10 o'clock the public galleries were black with people. Behind the seats, banked against the walls and doors, were others straining to get sight of the arena below. The reserved galleries were also thronged and even in the president's gallery there was not a vacant seat. The crush in the galleries became so great just before 12 o'clock that the wives of members were admitted to the floor in the rear of the railings and some of them even came within the sacred precincts of the rails.

When 12 o'clock arrived the speakers began and each one received a tremendous ovation. Reed spoke first and was followed by Crisp and Wilson.

When Wilson closed there came a remarkable scene. Wave after wave of applause echoed through the chamber. Representative Tucker and several others sprang forward and lifted Wilson from his feet to their shoulders. He was borne up the aisle above the heads of his enthusiastic associates. The three who had borne the tariff leader on their shoulders were McMillin, Bryan and Tucker.

Voting Next in Order.

For twenty minutes after the Wilson speech the house was in such disorder that business came to a standstill. The voting was next in order, but it was not until about 3:30 o'clock that the floors could be cleared, order restored and preparations made for the voting. The first vote was taken on the barley amendment. On the first call the barley amendment was defeated by a vote of 170 to 109. It was significant as the first test vote sustaining the bill. The amendment making barley 22 cents and barley malt 32 cents per bushell was lost—220 to 197.

The committee amendment to raise duty on malt from 20 to 25 per cent. and on barley malt from 25 to 35 per cent. was carried—204 to 114. Standing vote on amendment that the manufactured wool schedule go into effect Dec. 2 was carried—186 to 42. The vote on amendment putting petroleum on the free list and striking out reciprocity was carried—170 to 44 without a roll-call.

Internal Revenue Bill.

Yeas and nays were ordered on the internal revenue bill. Bourke Cockran asked unanimous consent to vote on the income tax separate from other internal revenue schedules, but objection was made. Speaker Crisp ruled that the internal revenue amendment must be voted as one amendment.

The internal revenue bill, including the income tax, was sustained as a part of the bill on an aye and nay vote—132 to 50.

Covert offered a motion to recommit the bill to committee and reported with such amendments that duties on imports will provide revenues for government—lost—103 to 177. The tariff bill was then passed—204 to 140.

The Case of McNamara.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 6.—Subpœnas were issued for Bishop Hogan, Father Dalton and Father Lillis to appear as witnesses in the trial of ex-Priest McNamara for the alleged slandering of Mother Rose Vincent, which will be held next Thursday. The defense in the Father Dalton case which was tried last Thursday and in which the jury found defendant guilty, claim to have evidence that two of the jurors had declared before the trial that they would find McNamara guilty whether he was or not. Another of the jurors, it is claimed, was a deputy marshal and on these grounds it is expected a new trial will be granted.

Costly Fire at Savannah.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 5.—Fire which broke out here proved to be the largest since the great conflagation in April, 1889. The loss will amount to nearly half a million dollars. The burned buildings front on Bay street and were built in 1889. The Savannah Grocery company's building is three stories high on Bay street and six stories on River street and ran back to the water front. Ferst Sons' building is two stories on Bay street and three on River street. The weather was very cold and the fire hard to get at, as the buildings stand half way on a high bluff.

Lynchers Give Up Their Victim.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 6.—Ravisher Frank Hall, who was brought here to prevent his being lynched, was returned to Lebanon in irons. He was identified by Mrs. Askers as her assailant. A mob collected around the courthouse and finally succeeded in getting hold of Hall. A rope was placed around his neck and as he was about to suffer death at the hands of Judge Lynch he confessed to the crime. Sheriff Trauman pursuaded the mob to turn the prisoner back to him; he was returned to the courtroom and sentenced to twenty-one years' imprisonment.

Seismic Quake in Pennsylvania.

READING, Pa., Feb. 5.—In the northeastern section of Reading the people were aroused by a violent trembling and tremor of the earth as if by an earthquake.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Doings of the Solons in Senate and House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—In the senate Quay presented an amendment embodying several new sections to the tariff bill. These sections provide for the free coinage of silver and for the purchase of 145,000 ounces of fine gold monthly and the issue of treasury notes in payment therefor and the repeal of all existing laws providing for the issue of bonds. The resolution of Peffer calling upon the secretary of the treasury to inform the senate how many bids for bonds have been received from persons and corporations and the names of the bidders then came up for consideration.

The house took up the consideration of the McCreary Hawaiian question.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Everett of Massachusetts delivered the invocation at the opening of the session of the house. McGann tried to obtain unanimous consent for the consideration of a resolution he offered to investigate the action of Judge Jenkins in the case of the Northern Pacific railway, whose employes he had enjoined from striking, but objection was made. The Hawaiian debate was resumed by Morse of Massachusetts, who had five minutes. Before he had proceeded for a minute, however, Outhwaite of Ohio had called him to order for unparliamentary language.

"To which language do you refer?" asked Morse.

"To the insulting, impudent and unparliamentary language just used," answered Outhwaite.

Morse, according to the rule, took his seat and the words excepted to were read at the clerk's desk as follows: "And yet, strange to tell, at the command of their master, the great Grover Cleveland, his cuckoos in the house and senate, staunch southern Democrats, the loudest shouters for a white man's government, disregard all their ancient traditions about white man's supremacy and the white man's government."

The speaker ruled that the language was unparliamentary. Before Morse could proceed, however, his time expired. Johnson of Indiana took the floor and made a strong speech arraigning the course of the administration in attempting to restore the deposed queen. He drew a vivid picture of the efforts of Mr. Willis and evolved out of it all a plot of a new comic opera to be called "Liliuokalani."

At the opening of the senate Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain, in his prayer made a touching allusion to the life, services, and death of George W. Childs, the Philadelphia philanthropist. Resolutions from the Massachusetts legislature protesting against the cotton schedule of the Wilson bill were laid before the senate, read and referred.

Corporal Tanner's Affliction.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—Corporal James Tanner, ex-United States commissioner of pensions, is now a patient at the Seney hospital in Brooklyn, under the care of Dr. George R. Fowler. It is said that the corporal will in a few days submit again to the knife, and will have another inch cut from each leg. His legs were so shattered at the second battle of Bull Run that amputation was necessary to save his life. Since then he has traveled about on a pair of artificial limbs. Three times since the war, however, he has had to return to the surgeon's table to have a slice cut from each stump.

Costly Blaze at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—The big five-story brick warehouse of Felix & Marston, wholesale dealers in wooden and willow ware, at Henry street and Stewart avenue, was totally destroyed by fire and a large number of lives endangered. Three or four frame cottages owned by poor people were crushed to pieces by the falling walls of the warehouse, and hard work by the firemen barely prevented the flames from spreading toward Canal street. William Snooks jumped from a third-story window and was fatally injured. The total loss is $140,000.

Success of the Midwinter Fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2.—Managers of the Midwinter fair are congratulating themselves on the excellent showing made by the receipts, which are largely in excess of the disbursements. From present indications it is reasonably certain that the exposition will prove as great a success financially as it is conceded to be artistically. Exhibits are pretty generally in place and decorations are finished. Under the influence of the prevailing good weather the horticultural decorative features are assuming grand proportions.

The Cashier Was the Robber.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 2.—A special to The Morning News from Ellaville, Ga., says: Detectives from Atlanta have located the burglars of the Planters' bank in the person of J. C. Clark, the cashier, who stood high in the company. He tried to commit suicide with laudanum but failed. Of the amount taken something over $4,000 has been found, $3,600 of which was in Clark's possession. Speculation, Clark claims, caused him to make way with the money.

Moody and Sankey at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Dwight L. Moody, the world renowned evangelist and Ira D. Sankey, the great evangelistic singer, will begin a series of meetings in this city. A chorus of 1,500 voices has been in practice under the direction of Mr. Sankey. The meetings are to have the support of all the evangelistic organizations here, and everything points towards an unusually successful series.

Michigan Officials To Be Removed.

LANSING, Feb. 5.—There is but little doubt that Michigan will have three new state officials within ten days. Governor Rich has given Land Commissioner Berry, Secretary of State Jochim and State Treasurer Hambitzer an opportunity to resign, and as they do not seem inclined to do so he has determined to remove them from office.

Anarchist Vaillant Executed.

PARIS, Feb. 5.—Vaillant, the anarchist, who threw the bomb in the French chamber of deputies, was guillotined at 7:10 a. m., at La Roquette prison. There was no disturbance. Vaillant's last words as he was led to the guillotine were: "Death to the Bourgeoisie. Long live anarchy."

John Hart Sentenced to Death.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Feb. 6.—After being out a little over an hour in the Hart murder trial the jury brought in a verdict finding the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree, fixing the punishment at death. Hart murdered his two sisters.

Russo-German Treaty Signed.

BERLIN, Feb. 5.—The National Zeitung says that the Russian treaty has been signed.

GEORGE W. CHILDS DEAD

FATAL RESULT OF A STROKE OF PARALYSIS ON JAN. 18.

Goes to Solve the Problem of a Future Life and Its Rewards—Peaceful End of a Life of Benificence—Business Record of the Deceased.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 5.—G. W. Childs, proprietor of The Public Ledger, died at 3:01 o'clock in the morning at his residence, at the southeast corner of Twenty-second and Walnut streets, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis sustained by him Jan. 18. Except his wife Mr. Childs had no immediate family, but there were gathered at his house at the time of his death George C. Thomas and James W. Paul of the firm of Drexel & Co. Miss Peterson, Mrs. Childs' niece; Miss Stanley, Mrs. Childs' companion; Mr. and Mrs. John Drexel, the son and daughter-in-law of the late A. J. Drexel, and Colonel de V. Morrell, husband of the youngest daughter of the late Frank Drexel.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

The End Was Peaceful.

One of the physicians in attendance upon Mr. Childs made the following statement to a representative of the Associated Press:

"Mr. Child suffered no pain and his end was peaceful. He had been unconscious for the past three days, except at intervals. The change for the worst became manifest about 9 o'clock in the evening. His pulse faltered and he grew rapidly worse. It was then apparent that the end was near, and that his death was only a question of a few hours. Mr. Childs' lower limbs were not paralyzed as had been stated. The stroke only affected his right side, he having lost the use of both his right arm and leg. Mr. Childs during his last hours laid like a child asleep and when he grew so much worse about midnight every attempt was made to rouse him, but without avail."

Mr. Childs' Career.

George William Childs was born in Baltimore in 1829. The practical part of his make up was born with him. When he was twelve years of age he spent a summer vacation as errand boy in a bookstore at a salary of $2 a week and enjoyed it. Soon after he removed to Philadelphia and entered a store, doubtless as a mixture of clerk and errand boy. When he became of age he went into business with Mr. Peterson under the firm name of R. E. Peterson & Co. The only interval in his business career was fifteen months in the United States navy when he was thirteen. He liked running errands, but he couldn't abide the navy.

One of the first successful books published by Peterson & Childs was Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations." Mr. Childs thus told the story of its publication: "It did not look at first as though we had made a wise venture. When the work was ready to issue I took a sample copy and went over to New York to solicit orders from the leading book sellers. The largest house would only give me a small order. 'Mr. Childs,' they said, 'you won't sell more than a thousand copies altogether.' They ordered at first only a few hundred copies, but soon after sent for 5,000 more to meet the demand. Within one year after the publication we paid Dr. Kane a copyright of nearly $70,000."

Bought The Public Ledger.

Then the firm got out Parson Brownlow's book, selling 50,000 copies in advance. This was another remarkable success, which was followed by others not far behind. In 1864 Mr. Childs purchased The Public Ledger. There was a considerable falling off of advertisements, but the paper had become a medium of communication between employers and employed, between buyers and sellers, landlords and tenants, bereaved families and their friends, and the first loss of patronage was soon regained, and from then till now The Ledger has grown in prosperity. It paid Mr. Childs at the time of his death more than $1,000 a day clear profit.

Of Mr. Childs' more practical American charities, even those which are known are too numerous to catalogue. To serve him in his employ was sure to bring the employe a pension when worn out, and during his term of service a certainty of being cared for in misfortune. But doubtless the unknown charities surpassed those which were manifest. He gave away a fortune every year. One who once saw a private record of his charities has said that, though the period covered was only one month, the total amount given was $28,000.

Cutting Expenses at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—For the first time since 1878 the financial condition of the city has forced a reduction of the salaries of city employes. The actual needs of the city are $3,000,000 in excess of its estimated income for the year, and the finance committee ax has fallen without favor on department chief and department employe, except on those working for small day wages. Policemen will work for 10 per cent. less in 1894 than in 1893; firemen, who are more poorly paid, are more leniently dealt with, the reduction in their pay being about 7 per cent., while in all other departments 10 per cent. is the minimum reduction, many well-paid officials being obliged to stand a deeper cut.

Colorado Deadlock Broken.

DENVER, Feb. 6.—The senate majority in caucus passed a resolution which provides that when the senate meets they will withdraw from the position they have held in refusing to transact business and will consent to the consideration of a limited number of measures including the appropriation bill. This will break the deadlock which has existed since Jan. 10.

Epidemic of Diphtheria.

EMBRY CHURCH, Ia., Feb. 2.—Four children of George Robinson, aged 4 to 14, were buried here, having died of diptheria. Two others were buried a day or two previous. The scourge is epidemic here and there is almost a panic.

Tim Wilson shot and killed his brother, Bird, while hunting near Silver Creek, Neb.

Signals used at night by ships at sea were invented by Mrs. Martha J. Caston, who, at an advanced age, is living in Washington.

The body of Charles Moll, a musician of the Second artillery, was found in the Kaw at Kansas City.

In a drunken row in a saloon at Virden, Ills., William Cain fatally stabbed Jess Finley, colored.

FUNERAL OF GEO. W. CHILDS.

Great Attendance on the Last Sad Tribute to the Philanthropist.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 6.—The funeral of George W. Childs took place today. The attendance was very large. Delegations were present from Boston, New York and many surrounding cities, and not half of those who wished could get into the church. The International Typographical union was represented by two delegates and every employe of The Ledger was present, besides delegations from local typographical and other labor unions.

The floral tributes were very elaborate. There was a separate piece from every department of The Ledger office and the International Typographical Union sent a beautiful piece. Among those present in the church were prominent editors and public men, clergymen, business men, workingmen and those prominent in every relation in life.

The list of honorary pall-bearers was very long, including Cornelius Vanderbilt, J. Pierrepont Morgan, Chauncey M. Depew, Colonel Fred Grant, General Horace Porter, John R. McLean, and John Russell Young. The beautiful service of the Episcopal church was read by Bishops Potter and Whitaker and Rector Blanchard, of St. James' church, and after the services a long line of carriages followed the hearse to Woodland cemetery, where the casket was placed in the Drexel mausoleum.

CAPTURE OF THE RASCAL SACKETT.

He and His Dupe Have Been Run Down at Topeka.

TOPEKA, Kas., Feb. 6.—M. Sackett, the maker of paper pictures who eloped from Elkhart, Ind., with Miss Frances Davenport, and who suddenly disappeared from Kansas City last week, has been arrested here by the sheriff, charged with bigamy.

The capture created a big sensation, which was increased by the fact that Miss Frances was with him and was also detained. The young woman unintentionally betrayed the whereabouts of both by calling on George W. Crane, an old friend of her family, to indorse a check.

Her actions were peculiar, which led Mr. Crane to investigate. The couple were discovered in the Keith block and Sackett was arrested on a charge of adultery, they not having been married. Sackett says that no criminal intimacy existed between them. Miss Davenport says she will return home with her brother and sister, who arrived here this morning.

Her Young Husband Deserted Her.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 6. — Frank Krafft, on Jan. 13 was married to Mrs. Eunice A. Greene, a wealthy widow whom he had met in a boarding house. Krafft was 34 years old, while Mrs. Greene was over fifty. While on their wedding tour they visited New York and four days ago, it is alleged, Krafft deserted his wife, taking all her effects of value, including the diamond wedding ring with which he married her. The bride had previously loaned him, so she says, about $1,500. Theodore Braun, a saloonkeeper here, says he has been victimized to the extent of $400 or $500 by Krafft.

Republicans Win in New York.

ALBANY, Feb. 6.—The senate muddle in the legislature over the unseating of Senator McCarthy and the seating of Senator Wolfert has been practically ended. Judge Clute, who had granted an injunction forbidding the clerk of the senate to call the roll with Senator Wolfert's name substituted for that of Senator McCarthy, has vacated the injunction. This gives the Republicans majorities in both branches of the legislature large enough to pass measures over the governor's veto.

The Michigan Election Scandal.

LANSING, Feb. 6.—Some more of the clerks employed in the capitol under both the present and former administrations have been summoned before the grand jury. A suspicious circumstance in connection with the salaries vote canvass is that figures which were included in the majority for what is known as the "good roads" amendment appear to have been transferred to the salaries amendment. The three state officers whose resignations have been asked by the governor have practically decided to contest the matter.

Man and Woman Assassinated.

FOREST CITY, Ark., Feb. 6.—Intelligence has reached this place of a terrible double tragedy some eight miles northwest of here, in Prairie township, in which an old woman named Southwall and a man named Thomas Cape were the victims. In that neighborhood many houses have been burned. The finger of suspicion was finally directed toward Mrs. Southwall and Tom Cape and both were shot and killed by some unknown assassin.

Harper and Holy Writ.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—President Harper, of the Chicago university, a Baptist institution, is delivering a series of lectures designed to show that a good deal of the Old Testament is fiction. His second assault on Holy Writ is that Methuselah never existed—that is not 900 years and more, and he demolished the Methuselah story to his own and his students satisfaction. The faculty and students' are ardently supporting the president's course.

The Disappearance of Stockman Denning.

BENTON, Ills., Feb. 6.—Regarding the disappearance of J. D. Denning, who was last seen in St. Louis, he was not a heavy drinker, but he was disposed to make acquaintances easily, and that fact, with the additional one that he had, according to Evan Fitzgerald, his partner, some $3,000 on his person, leads to the acceptance of the theory of foul play.

Northern Illinois Horticulturists.

PRINCETON, Ills., Feb. 6.—The Northern Illinois Horticultural society will meet here Feb. 27 for a two days' session and the meeting is expected to be one of more than usual interest. A programme of addresses and papers has been prepared covering a wide range of subjects, all of which will be open to general discussion.

Another General Harrison Rumor.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 6.—The Shelbyville Evening Democrat prints a report that General Harrison will shortly be united in marriage with Mrs. Leland, widow of the late senator. The story is denounced by friends of General Harrison here as absolutely without foundation.

As the Quickest Way to Adjournment.

DENVER, Feb. 6.—As the quickest method of bringing about an adjournment of the legislature the senate has agreed to consider the bills that have been or may be passed by the house.

Unknown Man Drowned.

LEMONT, Ills., Feb. 6.—A man was seen to fall into the Illinois and Michigan canal opposite section 9 of the drainage channel. It is not known who he was. His body was not recovered.

FOR ILLINOIS READERS

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Telegraphic Reports of Events Which Have Occurred During the Past Few Days in Our Own State—Crimes, Casualties and Other Matters of Interest.

PEORIA, Ills., Feb. 2.—Robert Jones, a man 23 years of age, made a desperate attempt to murder his father, who is employed as porter at the wholesale grocery of McCoy & Co., on South Washington street. He entered the store and asked his father to lend him enough money to purchase a pair of gloves. His father did not make answer and he left the store, saying they would talk the matter over.

He walked around the block a few times, when he returned and without a word of warning fired five shots at his father, three of which took effect. One lodged over the left eye, another entered the right hip and passed around to the groin, while the third penetrated the muscles of the left arm. The young man hastened to the station and surrendered himself, while the father was taken to the hospital. His chances of recovery are slight. The boy is believed to be demented and expressed great regret that his father did not die instantly.

Newby-Benton Case.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 6.—The appeal to the supreme court of the United States of old Dan Benton, alias Bill Newby, recently convicted and senteneed to two years' imprisonment for falsely personating a dead union soldier for the purpose of obtaining a pension, has been perfected, and under the citation issued by Judge Allen is returnable to the supreme court at once. The case will probably be argued before that tribunal after the spring recess by Judge E. C. Kramer of counsel for Benton.

Bold Case of Blackmail.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Feb. 2.—M. L. Knapp went into the office of Dr. W. H. Fitch, a prominent and wealthy local physician, and thrusting a revolver in his face, forced him to sign $3,200 in notes. Knapp's wife was formerly employed in Dr. Fitch's office, and it is alleged to be a clear case of blackmail. Knapp was arrested with the notes and revolver in his possession and bound over in the sum of $11,000 for highway robbery and attempt to kill.

Elgin Dairy Revenue.

ELGIN, Ills., Feb. 6.—The report of Secretary Hutchins of the Elgin board of trade shows the sale of butter for 1893 to have been 20,976,525 pounds, which brought $8,056,496.50, and of cheese, 6,361,798 pounds for $572,569.37, a total of $8,639,057.87. The average price of butter was 26 cents, and of cheese 9 cents. The board has 293 members, and 358 factories are represented.

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Mail Robbers Put in Jail.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 5.—Deputy United States marshals have arrived here and lodged in jail A. F. Grisson, charged with robbing a mail pouch while carrying the mail. He was arrested at New Columbia, Massac county. George Shipherd and Henry Williams for robbing the postoffice at Oakdale, Washington county, were also imprisoned.

Woman Slowly Strangling.

BLACK RIVER FALLS, Wis., Feb. 3.—Near Kirby, twenty-five miles from here, a woman is being slowly strangled, the cause being poison from a "run around" caused by some kind of dyeing material. Her arm is twice the natural size and is black, while the swelling has reached her neck and is slowly closing her windpipe.

Death of an Illinois Lawyer.

JACKSONVILLE, Feb. 3.—E. L. McDonald is dead. He was a prominent member of the bar in this place and had held many important offices of trust. He was a graduate of Illinois college, after spending a year at Wabash college in Crawfordsville, Ind. He was also an alumnus of Ann Arbor Law school.

Illinois National Guard.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 3.—Adjutant General Orendorff has issued an order directing the different regiments of the Illinois National Guard to report at Camp Lincoln, near Springfield, for their annual tour of inspection. The First regiment will bivouac July 17 and the Seventh, or last one, close the inspection Aug. 27.

Illinois Stock Raiser Disappears.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 5.—J. S. Deming, a wealthy and eccentric stock raiser of Benton, Ills., who left that place with several carloads of cattle, has mysteriously disappeared. Deming, who is said to be worth $1,000,000, had almost $1,000 on his person when he came here from East St. Louis, Jan. 23.

A $100,000 Fire at Quincy, Ills.

QUINCY, Feb. 2.—Joseph Knittel's Excelsior show case works and Geo. Stahl's incubator factory were destroyed by fire. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $50,000. Included in the burned property was a $15,000 bar outfit for a Chicago saloon.

Despondency Caused His Suicide.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Feb. 2.—James Dunlop, a business man at Urbana for nearly forty years, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. He leaves a large family. Despondency caused by business failures was the cause.

Business Portion Burned.

GLASGOW, Mo., Feb. 5.—Part of the business portion of this city was destroyed by fire. Loss, $50,000; insurance about $30,000.

Salvationists Arrested.

LOWELL, Mass., Feb. 6.—Captain Joseph Garibee, alias "Joe the Turk," and two Salvation Army musicians, were arrested for obstructing a principal street after being repeatedly ordered to move on. The Salvationists attracted a crowd of nearly one thousand people and a dozen officers were required to make the arrests.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Bob Ramsey shot Dan W. Deck dead because the latter would not permit him to have a livery horse at Atlanta, Ga. Ramsey was drunk.

Freeman Lindsay, 14 years old, broke through the ice and was drowned at Piqua, O.

Dr. Austin Pegg of Ossian, Ia., the surgeon indicted with Pension Attorney Van Leuver, died of brain fever at his home.

Francis Murphy, the temperance evangelist, closed a two weeks' meeting at Dunkirk, Ind. One thousand persons signed the pledge.

Two negroes broke into a railroad depot at Charleston, Kan., and stole 500 first-class tickets.

Frank Huntsinger, the oldest switchman in the employ of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, was knocked from a car and killed at Mason City, Ia.

* * *

While riding a railroad velocipede nera Spokane, Wash., Joseph Wall wasrun down by a Union Pacific engine and killed.

W. B. Murphy of Gifford, Ills., a member of the Champaign county board of supervisers, died from injuries received in a runaway.

The December statement of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway company shows a deficit of $83,831.76 against a surplus of $2,609.44 for the same month of 1892.

Good gold placers are reported along the San Juan river, Utah.

Dr. Reed has introduced into the Ohio legislature a bill permitting condemned murderers to select whether they shall by electricity or anæsthetics.

Giles P. Ransom of Nebraska was a passenger on the first passenger train that made the trip out of Albany in 1833 and which was drawn by the locomotive DeWitt Clinton.

* * *

Northern markets are being plentifully supplied with southern oranges and New York people expect that nearly 2,000,000 boxes will be landed at that port within the next thirty days.

Louis Schnackenburg, 17 years old, lost his eyesight by an accident while hunting near Sedalia, Mo.

Burglars entered the postoffice at Dallas, Ore., and blew the safe. They secured $400 in cash and $800 in stamps.

John R. Prime of Des Moines is the new adjutant general of the Iowa National guard.

In the workhouse of Cincinnati is sheltered at present Pierre Lamartine, a grandnephew of the famous French writer. He was sent to the workhouse for ninety days for forging checks, upon his own confession.

Albert Stroebel was executed at Victoria, B. C., for the murder of John Marshall of Huntington.

Jacob Breestle shot and mortally wounded William Doell in an Allegheny City, Pa., barroom.

The Lewiston National bank at Lewiston, Ills., has been organized, with a capital of $50,000.

Leroy Trowbridge was run down and fatally injured by Benjamin Switzer at Plymouth, Ind.

* * *

George W. Lawrence, president of the National Bank of North Manchester, Ind., has been declared of unsound mind, and his son-in-law, August Mills, formerly of Chicago, has been appointed his guardian.

Mgr. Zeininger, vicar general of the archdiocese of Milwaukee, Wis., celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination as a priest.

The St. Louis Car works resumed operations with a day and night force.

The Latrobe Steel company of Greensburg, Pa., made a second cut of 25 per cent in wages.

Emerson Steele of Findlay, O., drilled in a well on the Lambright farm near there, which is good for 1,000 or more barrels of oil a day.

The controller general of Georgia refuses to approve the bills incurred by Governor Northern in ordering out troops to prevent an invasion of prizefighters threatened at the time of the Corbett-Mitchell fight.

* * *

A campfire and banquet under the auspices of Fairbury Post No. 75, G. A. R., took place in the opera house at Fairbury, Ills. Many interesting speeches were made.

Frank Phillips shot his brother Henry at Keokuk, Ia., but not fatally. The two have been enemies for several years over property that each claimed.

Daniel C. Oyster, president of the defunct Ridgeway bank at St. Mary's, Pa., waived examination on fourteen charges of embezzlement.

The citizens of Otsego, Mich., have issued a statement denying that there is any smallpox scare in their town.

Secretary Gresham gave a dinner at Washington to which gentlemen only were invited.

James Egan, a laborer, was killed at a grade crossing at Massillon, O. He leaves a wife and six children.

Alonzo Ham was sentenced at Huntington, Ind., to a year in the penitentiary for forgery.

* * *

An unknown man, employed by Mitchell & McClure of West Duluth, was drowned while crossing Conegema bay on the ice.

Jacob Grozier, a veteran prospector of Chloride, N. M., committed suicide by shooting.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe pain in my Stomach, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with Dyspepsia complicated with Liver and Kidney troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. It is a God-send to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Wilson Barrett.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Sunset."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Prodigal Daughter."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Dewolf Hopper.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Pauline Hall Opera Co.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Walker Whiteside.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hallen and Hart.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, near Madison.—"The Power of Gold."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers in city and country, who have received their January bills, will greatly oblige the office by remitting without further notice, and thus save us additional trouble and expense.

MODERN EUROPEAN STRATEGY.

The strategists of Europe are at present paying great attention to the military art. General Lord Wolseley, in particular, is encouraging debates on warlike subjects in Dublin, where he is president of the Military Society. The mammoth growth of modern armies makes the science of maneuvering in the field much more difficult than it used to be, and the great question of feeding huge bodies of men, which Napoleon solved to his own satisfaction, at least, by making the invaded countries bear the burden, is given considerable attention. Von Moltke was a great strategist; and employed the railroads extensively in carrying out his designs. Napoleon, to whom railroads were unknown, in his campaigns of 1809, 1813 and 1814, frequently moved his infantry by means of wagons, in order to concentrate with rapidity on the enemy's line; his great object being to be strongest where he knew the foe was weakest. It was by wagon that the foot troops of the Imperial Guard traveled from Spain to Austria, during the campaign of Wagram; and, in maneuvering against Blucher and Schwartzenburg in the wondrous campaign of Brienne, Montmirail and Arcis-sur-Aube, in 1814, the wagon was again employed. Thus, with less than 50,000 men, the greatest captain that ever drew a sword kept at bay 250,000, and would have rescued France from the invaders had not Marmont given up the line of the Essonne by deceiving the soldiers of the Sixth Army corps and delivering them into the hands of their country's enemies.

In fact Napoleon was never beaten through his own fault, as a general. No human power could combat the savage winter climate of Russia. No man could have anticipated the shameful treachery of the Saxon contingent at Leipsic, or the Bavarian defection which led to the battle of Hannau, where the French, although victorious, suffered terribly in men and material. No general could have anticipated the cowardice of Moreau (not the victor of Hohenlinden but a namesake) at Soissons; or the inaction of Victor at Montereau. Still less could he fathom the weakness of Marmont, the comrade of his youth, at Paris; the fatal hesitancy of Ney at Quatre Bras, and the incredible stupidity of Grouchy on the day of Waterloo. As time recedes from Napoleon, or he from time, it will be found that, as a general, he was never surpassed, and rarely equalled, if at all, while, as a statesman, he committed grave faults, due to his ill-starred ambition and impetuosity of nature. Napoleon Bonaparte was the very incarnation of war. In the light of history he stands today, more than seventy years after his death, the most marvelous of generals. Had he the modern means of mobilization and movement, not even the snows of Russia could have conquered him. Victor Hugo was right, when, speaking of Waterloo, he said "The great man had to give place to the great century."

Captain James, of the Royal Engineers, of England, lecturing before the Military Society of Dublin, recently said:

"If the difficulties in the days of Wellington and Napoleon were great, what would they be with the resources of these times and modern conditions? Suppose France and Germany declared war tomorrow twenty army corps on either side would be the first to enter the field. These corps, roughly speaking, would number three quarters of a million of men, and the total strength of these nations, which they could put into the field would be, on each side, three millions of men; Russia could count on four millions; Austria, two millions; Italy on eight hundred thousand to one million of men. It would be simply impossible with the resources of olden times to do anything whatever with these masses of troops. To give them a graphic idea of what these masses meant, he would just tell them that if the German army were extended along a road it would reach from the French to the Russian frontier. If the whole of the troops of Germany and France were put facing one another, there would be sufficient men to have two lines absolutely facing one another. It was the railroad that had made these modern armies possible. One railway train sufficed to supply an army corps a day, and when they considered the distance it could go in a certain time, they would see what an enormous power it had given to the modern general when he was dealing with these huge forces. The rapidity with which troops were moved about during the Franco-German war was only possible in consequence of the development of the railway. Such rapidity was impossible in Napoleon's days; it was possible now. In twenty years the armies of the Continent had been doubled in numbers, and difficulties had increased in a corresponding ratio.

"The old method of moving by road had completely disappeared, and the railroads had absolutely and entirely taken its place, because they alone sufficed for the supply of the large numbers they would have to put into the field. It was a remarkable thing that the French army, in the opening of the war of 1870, clung very much to Paris. It was, of course, true that 'what Paris thinks today France will think tomorrow.' But this was unfortunate for France from a military point of view. It had always led to Paris being the pivot and centre of the whole of the operations. In the war of 1870 the French had a very favorable opportunity for acting in a much more advantageous way than they subsequently did in consequence of this. When MacMahon was driven back, and retired towards Chaumont, had the whole of the troops been concentrated to the south, the position would have been much more difficult from the German point of view. They could not have gone towards Paris leaving a large French army on their left, and they would have had this always undesirable position, that in turning to meet the French on the south they would have to form front on their own line of communications. The French did not appreciate this fact in the war of 1870, and they made the flank march which ended at Sedan. They had, however, appreciated it very much since, and they had constructed a huge pentagon of fortresses, which formed a sure position for a French army to retreat into—a position which it was practically impossible to invest because of the enormous size of it, and which would give a French army acting on the German communications always a secure point of retreat. The railroad development had also absolutely broken up one of the greatest of Napoleonic maxims—namely, that the point of concentration of two armies should always be away from the immediate field of battle. War should not be begun without well considered strategic methods."

This English soldier evidently knows what he is talking about, and the young men of Ireland should study the lesson he is teaching them thoroughly, because, some day, fortune may give them the opportunity of testing, assisted by powerful allies, the truth of Capt. James' propositions. In a small country, like Ireland, we should imagine that an insurgent force, with a regular force, say of French or Russian troops, to give them solidity, would have small trouble in blocking railroad communications, and thus preventing the rapid concentration of British troops at a given point. Fifty thousand Frenchmen, or Russians, with a powerful artillery, and with arms and ammunition for their Irish allies, would not be long in making Ireland a very hot country for the English, whose cavalry, and even artillery, would be greatly hampered by the natural and artificial difficulties that are ever present in that island. Ireland is the best offensive-defensive battleground in Europe, because of its many morasses, strong quick set hedges, breastworks in themselves, and innumerable stone walls. The Irish insurgents, after a few months' training in French or Russian tactics, would be able to take advantage of military defenses, ready to their hand, and could inflict incalculable damage on the English troops, prolonging the warfare until sufficient force could be created to aid their allies in driving the redcoats into the Irish Sea. As for the foreign contingent of 50,000 men, no English force that could be spared in Ireland would be sufficient to expel them, with an armed, if untrained, people at their back, until the latter were in a condition to take the field with 250,000 men. People who may sneer at this military speculation ought to remember what happened, under almost similar circumstances, in Greece, Italy and Bulgaria.

FATHER SHERMAN'S LECTURE.

Father Sherman, S. J., is an enthusiast. He is also an orator. Physically unlike his celebrated father, the mental characteristics of the latter are plainly apparent in the son. There is the same tendency to epigram; the same caustic humor and the same nervous energy. Anybody who ever heard Gen. Sherman speak in public could not help being strongly reminded of him in hearing Father Sherman last Monday night. If the young Jesuit had chosen the military profession he would, no doubt, opportunity offering, add many laurels to the brows of the Shermans militant.

Here is, indeed, presented to us a true soldier of Christ. Here is a man born into tempting, nay brilliant, surroundings, abandoning family traditions, disappointing paternal hopes, isolating himself from all that most men hold dearer than life, to uphold the banner of the cross. It is impossible to hear such a man without emotion. It is almost impossible to realize such a man in the sordid atmosphere of a great commercial city, where Mammon is often worshipped before God. His sentiments breathe upon us in this foggy air of materialism like a fresh breeze from the mountains of Paradise. Anybody hearing Father Sherman cannot help being better. He has the power of lifting the human heart toward heaven, and it is a power not possessed by even the majority of those consecrated to God's service.

SHAM REFORMERS AND THE SPECIAL TEACHERS.

The unfortunate special teachers in the public schools are again made the target for the sham economists of the daily press to fire at. None of these people is paid a cent too much. They are doing good work for the youth of Chicago, and it looks to us as if the attacks made upon them were largely the outgrowth of personal spleen and malice. If Chicago cannot economize without reducing her educators to beggars' wages, she had better not economize at all. There are plenty of other departments of the public service in which reductions can be made, but let the educators alone. Mr. Lindblom, the new appointee on the school board, is being flattered by the daily press, or a part of it, into the position of professional reformer. He is a man with a level head, and can easily understand the motives of the flatterers.

CIVILIANS AS GENERALS.

An English military critic, who must have given some attention to the earlier stages of our civil war, takes occasion to condemn civilian interference in the planning and carrying out of campaigns in the following terms:

"When under modern conditions war was declared everything must be subordinate to the military requirements of the case. They at home had never had a great tendency to trust soldiers to carry on war. Their wars were as a rule carried on by cabinet ministers, and his reading of military history did not lead him to believe that those ministers had been very successful in their arrangements. One thing certainly had been their ruin, and that was their boasted command of the sea. What a fatal facility this freedom of communication had been to them in their wars in the past! They could only hope and trust that it would not be so in the future. It was a signigcant fact, and one not intimately known, even by military men, that between the truce, when Marlborough ceased to operate, and when Wellington commenced, they hardly ever put an army on the continent except to be beaten, and that the general outcome of their military attempts in that century was distinctly not to the credit of the British nation. The reason of this was, he believed, entirely due to the fact that these campaigns had been planned and administered by civilians without any knowledge of the requirements of war. It was not many years since the government sent the Guards to Malta to overawe the Czar, and the result was the Crimean War. In the beginning of the century they frittered away their military forces in ridiculous and abortive expeditions all over the surface of the globe. They had simply flung away life and money at that time, and a detailed account of the result would simply make them stand aghast at the miserable total. He had spoken some time ago of their fatal command of the sea. The navy alone could never wage an offensive war. They should for that purpose have an army also which would be in some proportion to the powers possessed by continental countries."

WHY NOT LASH THE OTHER FELLOWS, TOO?

There may be some "boodle" mixed up with the Watson Gas Ordinance, or there may not, but, whether there is or not, the Chicago Gas Light and Coke Co. ought to be taken down several pegs. It is a gross tyranny, and deliberately holds a pistol to the heads of consumers, after the "stand and deliver" fashion. Why don't the leading newspapers lash the Chicago Gas Light and Coke Co. as it ought to be lashed? What difference does it make to the people at large if that concern pays a percentage to the city treasury, when the consumers are taxed to make up the difference in profit? A new gas company in this city would be a blessing to the people, but no ordinance should be passed without an iron clad provision that it should not sell out, like previous corporations, to the great Billings octopus. The latter needs no sympathy and deserves none.

THE Hon. P. T. Barry gave a dinner to the managers and advertisers of the press at the Columbus club last week. It was a very pleasant occasion and Mr. Barry's address teemed with good points for publishers—more especially the publishers of weekly newspapers. THE CITIZEN regrets that unexpected pressure on its space prevents a full report of the proceedings.

THE Woman's Catholic League gave a reception Tuesday afternoon in the rooms of the Columbus club. A large number of ladies were present. Father Sherman made a brief address congratulating the ladies upon the work they were doing in the cause of charity.

EX-ALDERMAN EDWARD KEHOE, who represented one of the old city wards in the city council, died at his residence, No. 251 East Erie street, on Monday, in the 68th year of his age. Mr. Kehoe was a native of the county Kildare, Irelaud, and came to this country about the middle of the century, settling in Louisville, Ky. In that city, he was noted for his gallant resistance to the violence of the Knownothing organization, which he helped to crush. He subsequently moved to this city, and became prominent in the Fenian movement, being one of those who participated in the first invasion of Canada. Afterward he entered politics as a Democrat, and was elected to the city council. He held several city appointments under Democratic mayors, and was always a man of force in his locality. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning from the house to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, thence by carriages to Calvary. The attendance was very large.

THE Hon. M. V. Gannon lectured interestingly on "Tom Moore and Irish Music" in the school hall of the Cathedral last Tuesday evening. In addition to the lecture there was a varied literary and musical programme, Moore's melodies predominating. The attendance was very large, the lecture being one of a series under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Union of the Cathedral parish.

THE *Irish Republic* is the name of a new Irish national weekly which has been started in New York, of which C. O'Connor McLaughlin is editor, and William Lyman managing director. It is spicily gotten up and cleanly built. The editor of the *Republic* is particularly severe on the *Herald* and *Tribune* of this city, because of their opposition to warlike methods. The *Republic*, of the 3d inst., reproduced Charles J. Beattie's stirring poem, recently published in THE CITIZEN.

Miss Jane F. Hanrahan, No. 52 Augusta street, and Daniel C. Hartnett were married Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's mother. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thos. Burke of St. Columbkill's church. The attendants were Kittie E. Hanrahan as maid of honor, and John M. Shaunessy as best man. After a brief wedding journey the newly wedded couple will reside at No 515 Hastings street.

JAMES EDWARD RYAN and Miss Ida Annie Bradburn were united in marriage at the Holy Angels' church, Oakwood boulevard, by the Rev. J. P. Dore, on Tuesday morning. After the nuptial ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 3651 Prairie avenue, after which the young couple went East on their wedding trip.

SHERIDAN CLUB MASQUERADE.

Large Attendance at the Annual Carnival Last Monday Night.

The members of the Sheridan Club turned out in goodly numbers Monday evening, the occasion of their annual masquerade ball, to assist in the frolic or to look on and enjoy the fun without going to the trouble of masking. The only decorations seen were a number of American flags.

The entertainment committee consisted of Messrs. J. H. Gregory, John P. McGrath, Daniel Gallagher, Nicholas J. Nelson, and John J. Kinsella. Many attractive toilets were worn by the ladies who were merely spectators. The conceits of the dancers were also very tasteful and clever. Some were unique, and all were tasteful and attractive. Among the more noticeable of these were the following: Mrs. Michael M'Dermott was the Empress Josephine in an elaborate rainbow robe, with a headdress of lace. Little Mayne Hammell as a Red Riding Hood with a skipping rope. Miss Lizzie McManus was an imposing Qneen Lil of the Sandwich Islands, with a paper "medallion" of Grover Cleveland hanging from a necklace. Miss Coriune Baggot of St. Louis, Juliet; Miss Annie E. Kelly, Marguerite; Mrs. J. S. Clemmin, Japanese girl; Miss Sadie McManus gave a faithful representation of a female ragpicker. Miss Gertrude Walsh was a pretty and fascinating impersonator of "The Associated Press," her dress being of white crepe, with the headlines of many of the leading American papers cut and sewed upon the skirt. Mrs. J. N. Crennan was "Night;" Miss Annie McDonald, "Columbia;" Miss Aggie O'Connell, "Folly;" M. Moore, Policeman; J. W. McDonald, "Uncle Sam;" Patrick McNulta, Columbian Guard; R. A. Dowling, A Jap; George M. Baggot of St. Louis, "Romeo;" J. B. Bowler, "Faust;" John Murphy, "Student;" J. S. Murphy, "Tramp;" J. J. Kinsella, "Don Carlos;" J. C. Chinuin, "Montezuma;" E. J. Murphy, "Old Maid;" M. R. Healy, "Baby."

Among the many in attendance were: Messrs. and Mesdames A. D. Plamonden, C. Leonard, J. P. Bowles, J. M. Ball, John Cashin, T. F. Deveney, G. W. Manning, John E. Shea, James Baggot, E. G. Elcock, W. P. Rend, J. M. Crennan, E. A. Bern, E. J. McArdle, Daniel Corkery, M. Espert, N. McDermott, D. J. Simpson, L. F. Collins, Dr. C. P. Caldwell, M. Foster, J. P. McGrath, W. H. Ebbert, Charles F. Cooke, F. T. Murphy, Thomas Gahan, W. L. Schaub, A. Cummings, John Tait, and John O'Malley. Misses Maggie Bowen, Lizzie Elcock, Mildred Clayton, Tessie Bardon, Anna Clowry, Cloe Kehoe, Alice Mealiff, Kate O'Brien, Kittie Wade, Nellie Doyle, Eliza Reilly, Nacey, Addie Walsh, Stella Whiting, Jennie Corrigan, Belle Maher, Emma Wade, Lillie Bardon, Josie Murphy, Annie Leahy, Lawton, Kittie Shelly, Teresa Armitage, Susie Coyle, Mamie Nelson, Gertie Walsh, Eva English, Cora Baggot, St. Louis; Marcella Reilly, Sylvia Tomlinson, May Lawless, Nellie Weadly, Agnes Hedly, Sadie McManus, Harriet Ball, Clara Kelley, Anna Flood, Rebecca O'Brien, Hickey, Mamie Donnersberger, Frances Heeney, Wright, Anna Kelly, Kate Kelley, Anna Reilly, Mamie Nolan, Kittie McGraw, Mollie Bremner. Messrs. J. H. Gregory, E. M. Keeley, N. J. Nelson, G. P. McArdle, R. A. Dowling, J. J. Healy, J. J. Reilly, J. E. O'Meara, J. C. McGoorty, J. J. Kelly, T. F. Kelly, D. J. Carroll, J. T. Clare, G. J. Cooke, J. C. Kern, J. E. Kinsella, J. J. Kinsella, J. Nolan, J. L. Nelson, J. F. Bowen, James Conlon, Jr., J. P. Rend, W. Cummings, M. Roche, J. C. Boyle, W. F. Donohue, D. Gallagher, T. F. Keeley, F. J. Flood, O. R. Waynor, J. B. Heeney, De Lacy, of New York; G. A. Trude, C. J. Traynor, J. L. Weadley, H. H. Meehan, W. F. Carroll, L. P. Boyle.

OBITUARY.

JOHN DAWSON.

John Dawson, one of the oldest citizens of Chicago, died Saturday, Jan. 27, at his residence, corner of Wilson avenue and West Ravenswood park. His death was caused by lung trouble, contracted as a result of the grip with which he was afflicted some two years previously, and which left him in a debilitated condition from which he never fully recovered. He was born at Castlebar, county Mayo, Ireland, in 1826. Early in the year 1850 he arrived in this country, and after traveling extensively in various sections he arrived in Chicago in the latter part of the year, and resided here continuously up to the time of his death. Mr. Dawson interested himself in many projects for the advancement and growth of the North Side, in which section he had always resided.

The funeral, which was largely attended, occurred on Monday, Jan. 29. Requiem high mass was celebrated at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes by the pastor, Rev. Father Perry, assisted by Rev. Father Kairn of St. Patrick's church, and Rev. Fathers Love and Finn, of the Holy Name Cathedral. The remains were taken to Calvary cemetery and temporarily deposited in the vault, interment to be made later. The following gentlemen, old residents and lifelong friends of the deceased, acted as pallbearers: John Murphy, John Gibbons, Terence McNulty, John Walsh, James Lyman, and Manus Molloy.

The wife and three grown sons, John, Thomas and Harry, and one daughter, Mrs. D. J. Murphy, survive him.

WILLIAM S. EVERETT.

A very noble type of the American gentleman passed away in this city on Thursday of last week in the person of Justice William S. Everett, whose death occurred at his residence, No. 2947 Prairie avenue. Mr. Everett was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, near Parkersburg. He was educated in Lafayette College, from which he was graduated in the class of 1852. Mr. Everett served with a Pennsylvania regiment through the war, and after the conflict was over became prominently identified with the Grand Army and other veteran organizations. After coming out of the army he moved to Missouri, where he practiced law for twelve years. He came to this city in 1878 and began the practice of law. Soon after locating in this city he became prominent in politics, and in 1880 was an unsuccessful candidate for the state senate against ex-Senator Condee. His law practice was remunerative and his reputation as a lawyer increased until he occupied a prominent place at the Cook county bar. He formed a partnership with John P. Altgeld, which was interfered with a short time afterward by the appointment of the present governor to a judgeship. Shortly after the dissolution of the firm Mr. Everett's health began to fail, and for some time he pursued his profession under difficulties.

Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, employed Mr. Everett to go to California with him in 1888 as an attorney to advise him in regard to the legal phases of some extensive land deals that he had on hand at that time. This was about the time that the presidential bee was making Gen. Alger restless, and in addition to his position as attorney Mr. Everett did some valuable work for his friend and employer in the way of looking over the political field. While in California Mr. Everett made the speech of his life before the San Francisco Board of Trade. It was a great address and so highly prized by the organization before whom it was delivered that they had it published in pamphlet form and sent it all over the country. This trip to the Pacific gave Mr. Everett temporary relief, but his health soon became bad again.

In 1891 he was appointed a justice of the peace. He made an excellent record, being one of the best lawyers on the justice court bench of this county, and a man of unquestioned integrity. Last summer he took a long vacation in company with one of his sons, spent most of his time in Michigan, where he was for a part of the time a guest of his friend, Gen. Alger. When he returned he resumed work but failed steadily. In December his condition was so bad that he had to come from his home in a cab, and when he arrived at his office, 12 Clark street, the employes of his court would come downstairs and carry him from the cab to the elevator and from the elevator to his desk. His friends thought he ought not to try to work, but he insisted upon doing so as long as he could get to the office. One day in December he had a sinking spell in the court-room, something in the nature of a paralytic stroke, and when he was carried down to a carriage and sent home it was the last that was seen of him downtown. Realizing that he was approaching the end he sent in his resignation on Jan. 17, and on the following day his old law partner, Gov. Altgeld, appointed his son, John C. Everett, to fill the place. Judge Everett leaves a widow and a large family. Two of the sons are lawyers, John C. and Will R. There are three other sons, Warren, Harry and Cole, and three daughters.

MISS ELLA O'DONNELL.

The death of Miss Ella O'Donnell occurred on Jan. 27 at the residence of her sister, Mrs. P. McMahon, Twentieth street and Missouri avenue, South Omaha, Neb. Her last illness, which was a severe attack of bronchitis, commenced Dec. 26. All the resources of medical skill were tried without avail, and her sufferings, which were borne with rare fortitude, were terminated by a peaceful death, to which she had become calmly reconciled. She died fortified by the rites of the Catholic church, of which she was a devout member. Her two sisters, Mrs. P. McMahon and Mrs. T. Fleming, and her brother, Mr. John O'Donnell of Chicago, were in attendance at her death. The deceased was a native of Nashville, Tenn., but for the last six years had been a resident of South Omaha, living with her brother-in-law, Mr. P. McMahon, one of the foremen of the Cudahy Packing Company, during which time she had endeared herself to young and old alike, and her untimely end at the age of 19 years is mourned by all of her acquaintances. The casket, which was a beautiful one, was literally covered with the floral offerings of friends.

The funeral, which took place on the 30th ult., was attended by the Young Ladies Sodality of St. Agnes' parish in a body. It was conducted from the family residence to St. Agnes' church, where requiem high mass was said by the Rev. H. J. McDevitt, who afterward preached a touching sermon. The remains were then viewed by those present, after which they were escorted by one of the largest concourses of carriages ever witnessed in the city to St. Mary's cemetery, where interment tood place. The bereaved relatives have the sincere sympathy of a host of sorrowing friends.

Nashville, Tenn., newspapers are requested to copy the foregoing.

JOHN G. TIMM.

John G. Timm, beloved husband of Katie Timm (nee Lynch), was instantly killed on Thursday evening, Feb. 1, by a Rock Island train. He was an agent for the Gottfried Brewing Co., and was on his way to the stables to put up his team after his day's work, when upon crossing the track he was struck by an engine and instantly killed. His dear wife mourns the loss of a kind and loving husband, and his employers a faithful and honest workman. He was a member of the Franklin Court No. 156, I. O. F. The funeral services were held at Holy Angels' church, Oakwood boulevard, last Sunday, at 10 a. m. Interterment at Mt. Olivet. A large number of his brother Foresters and fellow-workmen attended the funeral. His young wife has the heartfelt sympathy of many friends in her sad bereavement.

J. B.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

An entertainment was given Tuesday evening by the young ladies of St. Bridget's church, in aid of the poor of the parish.

Wednesday last being Ash Wednesday, the solemn services of blessing and distributing ashes took place in all the churches.

The Hon. John Gibbons, judge of the Circuit court, has been invited to deliver the next lecture of the Sodality course, which will take place in the Sodality Hall, corner May and Eleventh streets, Monday evening, Feb. 12. Subject: "Ireland and the Church."

The Rev. Father Florentine J. Boudreaux, S.J., late pastor at the Sacred Heart church, and one of the most widely known Jesuit priests in America, died at Mercy Hospital on Wednesday of last week. He was in his 71st year, and up to the time of his last illness enjoyed robust health. The funeral services were held in the church of the Sacred Heart, and were largely attended by Catholics from all parts of the city.

The Union Catholic Library Association will hold its annual celebration of Washington's Birthday at Kimball Hall on Wabash avenue. The Hon. Thomas A. Moran will deliver the address and a fine programme of patriotic music and recitations gill be given. Among those who will assist are: Miss Helen B. Flynn, soprano; Miss Lilly Roemheld, violinist; Miss Isabella Garghill, reader; Miss Alice Coffey, contralto; Miss Grace Wilson, soprano; Mr. W. W. Carnes, reader; Miss Elinore Lynch, banjoist; Miss Lottie Lynch, zither soloist; J. J. Wynne, tenor; Miss Margaret Fallow, pianist.

At the Cathedral of the Holy Name Sunday the Right Rev. Archbishop Feehan presided at the solemn high mass at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. Father Dore acted as celebrant, Father Mooney as deacon and Father McLaughlin as sub-deacon. The sermon was delivered by Father Scanlan. The music was of the highest order, consisting of Haydn's Imperial mass and the "Veni Creator" by Handel. Mrs. F. Guthrie Moyer sang the offertory, and F. A. Langlois rendered a bass solo, "Pro Peeatis," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." W. Middleschulte officiated as organist.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Subscriber," City—The first Fenian raid on Canada was carried into effect in June, 1866; the second in May, 1870. Only the first was of any importance, and, in the engagements which resulted, the Fenian troops routed the Canadian Volunteers, but, being left without support, were obliged to recross the Niagara river and surrender to the army of the United States.

You've No Idea

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight.

ARE YOU FROM MAYO?

If You Are, or Whether You Are or Not, Read the Following Exceedingly Graphic Article on the County of "the Plain of Oaks."

Chicago Is Largely Peopled By Mayo, and, In Fact, the Mayo Men Practically Rule the City at Present.

When the "Midland Great Western" train from Dublin, Ireland, has jolted one well into the depths of the western province a tall, blue cone begins to push itself above the rim of a horizon mottled with gray rocks, green fields, and black bogs. Then, on inquiry, somebody will likely say, "That is the big hill of Nephin—the second in the province—and we are now going into the county Mayo."

Familiar name, is it not? You heard it somewhere before—heard it in lots of places—the city hall the courthouse, the polling booths. Surprising if you didn't, for this big, remote Irish county, washed on two sides by the wild Atlantic and hemmed in on the others by Roscommon bogs and Galway Mountains, has been a mighty big factor in the work of discovery, colonization, and conquest from the time it sent over St. Brendan to find America in the sixth century to its sending over of Mayor John P. Hopkins' folks in the nineteenth.

Mayo people and their descendants simply swarm in Chicago. They originally abounded in the North Side section still called from them "Mayo," but they

are now omnipresent not only with regard to locality, but to nearly every rank and profession. Some set the police in motion; some set the lightning in motion; some send men to jail, some take them there, some go there themselves. Let us make a skimming exploration of the classic mother country.

Crossing the southern "frontier"—the Black River—we are in a country of good, rich soil. Fat cattle stroll through the fat meadows; gray old castles and abbeys raise their venerable heads in various directions. This is Kilmaine of the Clan Jennings—a prominent member of which, by the way, was one of Napoleon's famous generals. To the west, between us and the rugged Connemara Mountains, glitter two large lakes. Conspicuous on a declivity beside one of these is a handsome residence, formerly the home of the Wildes—of the distinguished doctor and litterateur, Sir William, and his wife, the brilliant poetess "Speranza," and their sons, the queer genius Oscar and his brother "Willie-wouldn't-work," one of the husbands of Mrs. Frank Leslie. Close at hand, where a mysterious river rumbles underground, are the ivied ruins of Cong Abbey, where the last monarch of Ireland died, and Ashland, the fine demesne of the Dublin porter magnate, Lord Ardilaun, facetiously called Lord Cruiskeen-Lawn. Further on the country upheaves in a great limestone crop, mottled with green, beyond which, on the shores of Lough Mask, a lofty old castle marks the spot where was coined one of the most important and useful words of the century. It was here, some dozen years ago, that Captain Boycott made himself obnoxious by his fines and penalties on his laborers, and tenants, making the whole countryside turn its rugged back on him, so that it required a grand movement of cavalry and infantry to protect the help imported to save his devoted crops—just as many a similar transgressor has been "boycotted" since in Mayo and elsewhere.

A short distance off is the neat little town of Ballinrobe, where the illustrious Cardinal Gibbons spent the sunny days of his childhood. Another celebrity—celebrated not in the spiritual but the physical—owes his origin to the same Mayo town; thence came the father of the redoubtable champion, Jim Corbett.

Still treading northward, where Lough Carra extends a big wet hand amid groves and meadows and old castles, we come to Moore Hall, once the residence of the gifted patriot and orator, the late George Henry Moore, father of a very degenerate son, George Moore, who out-Zolas Zola in his salacious literary efforts. Another member of the family collaborates with the Anglomaniac, Waldorf Astor, on the *Pall Mall*.

Near by, where the bones of Shawn, the priest-hunter, rot beneath the ruins of Ballintubber Abbey, were born two men who were luridly connected with one of the darkest events in Chicago history; here were raised Martin Bourke and Cooney "The Fox." Others connected with the dread affair were neighbors not many miles removed. From Castlebar came Andy Foy and probably Andy Foy's notable wife. Yet it must not be supposed from this that Mayo is anything like a red-handed county. Within the last quarter century there was but one man hanged there for murder—a shopkeeper who killed his wife. Of course there were a few evicting landlords and agents shot during the land agitation, but that was the way of the times.

We now come to wide, green wastes, tenanted only by kine and sheep, with here and there the trace of a leveled cottage. It is Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" but on a most extensive and appalling scale. Here is where, in the black '47, Lord Lucan, seignior of the soil, swept away thousands of families of the unfortunate famine-stricken peasantry with even less remorse than when, in later years, he sent the 600 to doom in the bloody valley of Balaklava. Lord Sligo, a Union peer, whose estates adjoin, followed the example of extermination. You may travel many miles to the westward without ever hearing the whistle of a plowboy or the song of a milkmaid.

An oasis in the midst of desolation is the village and abbey of Mayo, from which the whole county takes its name (Magh-eo, the plain of the oaks). The English St. Gerald, from Northumbria, started an abbey here in which Alfred the Great and lots of other Saxons were educated. In later centuries when a big English colony seized this part of the country and threw up a surrounding chain of castles about 100 miles long no "mere Irishman" was allowed to become a religious in this holy house—this being the good old time when an English monk boasted he would consider it no crime to kill an Irishman even on a Sunday morning before saying mass. However, despite all the castles and armor, the surrounding Milesian Irish broke in on the colonists, pummelled them, drove off their cattle, and eventually obliged them to intermix and intermarry with them, so that they all became one stock—Bourkes and Brennans, Stauntons and McCormacks, O'Malleys and Gibbonses, and the rest. You may now see lots of them amicably swapping yarns and tobacco plugs or peacefully swinging their locusts along Chicago's streets.

Pushing on we come to the county town, Castlebar, grim with its surroundings of jail, courthouse, workhouse and asylum. A stroll through it is a chapter out of one of Lever's novel's. Here was hanged the most famous fire-eater, of the fire-eating last century, "Fighting" Fitzgerald, hero of a hundred battles. Adjoining the square stands, sword in hand, the statue of Gen. O'Malley, of Peninsular and Waterloo fame, a warrior who

> Cared little for shot or shell:
> He laughed at death and dangers,
> And he'd storm the very gates of hell
> At the head of the Connacht Rangers.

In Castlebar was born the present chief of Chicago's police, brawny Mike Brennan, and also his probable relative, Scientist Louis Brennan, who sold his torpedo patent for £40,000 to the British government. John J. McGrath and several other prominent Chicago citizens also hail from Castlebar.

Toward the setting sun lies the town of Westport, which floods the Garden City with zealous voters, who never miss a polling day. Beyond it rises, blue, steep and serene, that Mecca of Irish pilgrims, the picturesque mount of Croagh Patrick, where St. Patrick banished the demons, and Grana O'Malley, the she-pirate, held sway, and Queen Mab, of Shakespeare, held her fairy court. Apropos of Mab, there are plenty of fairies and banshees still in Mayo, but it is difficult sometimes to find them.

In other directions from Castlebar lies Balla, where Rector W. H. Maxwell wrote his military and sporting novels; Strade, where Michael Davitt, the land agitator, was born; Irishtown, where a large wooden cross commemorates the starting of the Land League, of which Mayo is called "the cradle," and Clare-Morris, the birthplace of the journalist Sir John Gray, whose statue looms aloft in O'Connell street, Dublin. From the neighborhood of Clare-Morris come Judge Dick Prendergast and Judge Tom Moran. From the same section came originally the family of the wretched assassin who now trembles in the shadow of the scaffold, though Patrick Eugene Prendergast's father taught school in the wild Isle of Inishboffin, off the western coast, before evil fate drove him to Chicago.

Away in the north of the county, where the River Moy, full of big, jumping salmon, comes sweeping down from heathery mountains, there is another town—Ballina. It has sent us the usual contingent. The late "Uncle Dick" Hooley, of Hooley's Theatre, was born there; his remaining relatives call themselves Howley. The father of John M. Smyth, who owns the big furniture store on Madison street, ran a grocery store here at the market cross before he crossed the water. A few doors away were born Gen. Sewell, of Jersey City, and his brother, the Senator; the General makes frequent trips to his natal place. The late "Bad Jimmy" Connorton hailed from about here. Mike McGurn came from here. So did the folks of John P. Barrett, the city electrician. Last, but assuredly not least, the paternal relatives of Mayor John P. Hopkins were wafted by an auspicious wind from the same district of this enterprising county.

Marshal O'Donnell, dictator of Spain; O'Higgins, liberator of Chili; General O'Malley, of France; Prime Minister Taaffee, of Austria, and (it is claimed) President Andrew Jackson, of America, were all lineally connected with Mayo. It is no trouble for the county to produce great men. Its children are intense and indomitable in their various walks—in court or camp, in the City Hall or on Halsted street.

There is not a man, woman or child in Mayo but has a relative in Chicago. At least that's how it seems over there. No wonder. An army of 42,568 emigrants streamed out of Mayo during the decade 1881-1891—by over 13,000 the greatest exodus since the famine decade. In ten years the population has gone down 10.7 per cent. Rack rents, bad crops and general hard times were the prongs that drove the people out. Certainly they did not "go for the good of their health," for Mayo is an exceedingly healthy country; its death rate is 4.2 below the average. Another cause of the decrease is the scarcity of marriages. "Why," said an old clergyman to the writer, "there was a time when I'd have twenty or thirty couples to unite at Shrovetide; now I have usually only two or three." The marriage rate is only 3.2 per year per 1,000 people.

Chicago is a magic word to utter in Mayo. It is the "Open Sesame" of every home in the county, but the visitor may find it hard to answer sundry anxious questions:

"How is Mike Murphy getting along?"

"Is John O'Malley still a statesman?"

"Is Johnny Clarke, of Bohola, still in the Hibernian Rifles?"

It is a great county.—*P. G. S. in the Inter-Ocean.*

Among other distinguished Chicagoans who were born in Mayo, or whose fathers were, may be mentioned ex-Ald. John and Michael Sweeney, Thomas McCormick, Coroner McHale, Thomas H. Cannon, High Secretary of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and the late Col. James A. Mulligan and Ald. J. J. McCormick.

BLOCK THE WAY.

[*United Ireland, Jan. 20.*]

The result of the Horncastle election, which was announced on Friday last, suggests with timely emphasis a question which must have presented itself frequently within the last few years to thoughtful Irishmen, the question, namely, What is to be done in case the Liberals are defeated at the general election? It is to be feared that the majority of the Irish Nationalists bother themselves more about the little political points of the day than they do about the big political difficulties of the morrow. Yet, if we may judge by the defeat of Mr. Torr, and the increased majority which has been given to a Unionist candidate by an English rural constituency, this country may soon be face to face with a problem of a very serious character. The argument on which the present policy of Mr. McCarthy's party is based is that the democracy of England will rally to the side of the Liberal government as soon as they pass certain measures—especially Parish Councils and Electoral Reform. "Wait," they say to their followers, "till these things become law; then Mr. Gladstone will be in a position to go to the country confident of success."

And, as a matter of fact, though the voice of the grumbler is now frequently to be heard, their followers have, on the whole, waited patiently. It is a great virtue, is patience. But it is not always a virtue in politics. As the Scriptural injunction, When you are struck on one cheek to turn the other, does not apply to nations, so in politics patience may become a crime. It has very nearly reached that stage in Ireland. When Mr. Parnell was alive the Irish question "blocked the way." It blocked the way up to the general election, and because it blocked the way the general election was won. Why, then, not keep it blocking the way? Why have the people of Ireland permitted their representatives to look on, without even protest, while it has been taken out of the way? Simply, to come back again to this magnificent policy of waiting, because remedial English measures must be passed to secure the position of the government. It looks all right—in newspapers. It doesn't look so well in Horncastle ballot-papers. In fact, the Horncastle ballot-papers have given the argument a staggering, if not a fatal, blow. On the day they were counted, the House of Commons passed the third reading of the Parish councils bill. This bill, when it becomes law, will give every parish in England which has a population of two hundred souls, a local council to administer its affairs.

This council will have the power to work the Lighting, Burial, Baths and Washhouses, Public Libraries and Public Improvements acts; to acquire land for public buildings and meeting places, recreation grounds and public walks; and to contract and arrange for water supplies. It may be trustee for grants of public property; all parish endowments, barring those that are ecclesiastical, will come under its control; and, what is perhaps more important than any of these powers and privileges, it can compel landlords to give laborers' allotments up to four acres, by arrangement with the local government board. Now, this remarkable extension of popular power among the rural community was one of the two British trump cards of the ministry for winning the next electoral battle. What has been its value? Nothing. Nay, less than nothing, for the Unionist majority in Horncastle is increased by a hundred just as the bill receives the imprimatur of the House of Commons. Now, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. McCarthy may explain this fact in any way they please; but, we say, let Ireland note the meaning of it. And the meaning of it is that this waiting policy, this policy of patience, this policy of trust and of union of hearts, is wrong, and stupidly and criminally wrong.

We pray our fellow-countrymen to waken up out of the deadly lethargy! Block the way again! The policy of blocking the way was the one which succeeded in making English Liberalism support the Irish National demand; it is now quite clear that it is the only policy which will force them to make it law. Home Rule is day after day slipping, slipping, out of sight. Some good fortune which never favored Ireland since the English landed on her shore may stay its exit from the scene, and bring it back in triumph; but it is reckless to depend on such a chance. We have depended on such chances too often. So far as we are aware, there has never yet been an alliance between Irish Nationalism and English Liberalism that has not turned out badly for Irish Nationalism. Read history and you will find the reason. You will find it in the policy of patience. While Ireland waited—waited and hoped—events did not wait, but marched on; and when the time came for the keeping of promises, the whole political position had changed, and the promises had become mere history. That is what is going to take place again in all probability, unless Ireland can make up her mind once more to "block the way." For it is now quite clear that it is not by giving Master Hodge what he wants that we will get Home Rule, but by not giving it to him. Let us look, as Parnell did, not to the Englishman's brotherliness or gratitude, but to his cupidity and self-interest. "Block the way!"

We asked at the beginning, What is to be done in case the Liberals are defeated at the general election? Today, that is sufficient; it is sufficient if it will induce honest Nationalists whose heads are properly fixed on their shoulders, honestly to think it over.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ann sin thugadar seire maith dhó, agus chuaidh sé 'nna codladh. An uair bhi sé ag imtheacht air maidin, d'iarr fear an tighe air i n-onóir Dé an cleoidheamh d'fhágbháil aca. "O d'iarr tu é i n-onóir do Dhia, tig leat é do bheith agad," ar san mac righ.

Shiubhail se an daral á go raibh dorchadas a' teacht; chuaidh sé go teach mór eile, bhuail ag an doras, agus nior bh'fhada go d'táinig bean an tighe chuige, agus d'iarr sé lóistin. "Tig liom sin do thabhairt duit," ar fear an tighe, "acht ni'l braon uisge againn le biadh do ghleus duit." "Tá neart uisge agam féin," ar san mac righ. Tháinig sé asteach, tharraing amach an buideul, agus ni raibh soitheach ann san teach nár lion, sé agus fós bhi an buideul lionta. Ann sin gleusadh biadh dhó agus an uair d'ith agus d'ól se a sháith chuaidh sé 'nna chodladh. Air maidin, an uair bhi sé ag imtheacht d'iarr an bhean tighe air, i n-onóir do Dhia an buideul d'fhágbháil aca. "O thária gur iarr tu é i n-onóir do Dhia," ar san mac righ, "ni thig liom d'eiteach mar chuir mo mháthair dam faoi gheasaibh sul fuair sí bás gan aon nidh d'iarrfadh duine orm i n-onóir do Dhia d'eiteach dá bh-feudfainn é." Ann sin d'fhág sé an buideul aca. Shiubhail sé an treas lá go raibh dorchadas ag teacht agus tháinig sé go teach mór air thaoibh an bhóthair. Bhuail sé ag an doras, tháinig an fear tighe amach, agus d'iarr sé lóistin air. "Tig liom sin do thabhairt duit agus fáilte, acht tá bron orm nach bh-fuil aon ghreim arain agam duit." "Tá neart arain agam féin," air san mac righ. Chuaidh sé asteach, fuair agian, agus thoisigh ag gearradh an bhuilin go raibh an bord lionta de phiosaibh arain agus fós bhi an builin chomh mór agus bhi sé an uair thoisigh sé. Ann sin ghleusadar seire dhó, agus an uair d'ith sé a sháith chuaidh sé 'nna chodladh.

An uair bhi sé ag imtheacht air maidin, d'iarradar air i n-onóir do Dhia, an builin d'fhágháil aca, agus d'fhág sé aca é. Anois bhi na tri neithe imthighthe uaidh.

Shiubháil sé an ceathramhadh lá go d-táinig sé go h-abhainn mhór, agus ni raibh aon t-slighe áige le dul thairsi. Chuaidh sé air a ghlúnaibh agus d'iarr air Dhia cobhair do chur chuige. Faoi cheann leathmhóimid' chonnairc sé an bhean áluinn a chonnairc sé an lá a d'fhág sé teach na ceudcaillighe. An uair tháinig sí i n-gar dó dubhairt sí, "A mhic Righ Chaisleáin Buidhe-shamhnaidh ar éirigh leat?" "Fuair me an nidh a bhi me ag tóruigheacht," ar san mac righ. "Acht ni'l fhios agam cia an chaoi a rachfaidh mé thar an abhainn seo." Tharraing sí amach méaracán agus dubhairt, "Is ole an lá d'fhoicfinn mac d'athar gan bád." Ann sin chaith sí an méaracán 'san abhainn agus rinne bád breágh dhé.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

IRISH NEWS.

Patrick Keane, the guard of a goods train, lost his life at the Ballinasloe railway station late on the night of Jan. 18. While proceeding to uncouple a wagon from a train which was moving slowly at the time, he slipped, and his right leg being caught by the wheel of the wagon, he was dragged a distance of nearly thirty yards before the train stopped, his leg being fearfully lacerated. He died about two hours afterwards.

A young whale was caught at Merrion strand last evening, says the Dublin *Independent* of Jan. 20, by three men named Smiley, Byrne, and Malone. It got stranded near the Merrion Baths, where it was seen struggling in the water, and the men had to kill it before they succeeded in hauling its carcas ashore. It was eight feet long, and not more than four feet in circumference, consequently it must have been a very young one.

The interest in Painstown Farm, known as Balliskerry, situate at Castletown, Kilpatrick, property of Miss Maria Reilly, containing 70a 2r 25p, at a yearly rental of £139 8s 6d, held as a tenancy, was sold at auction Jan. 20. After a spirited competition it went to Philip McEntee, of Stephenstown, Castletown, Navan, at £1,020, together with 5 per cent auction fees.

The Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, bishop of Achonry, has made the following diocesan changes: Rev. P. J. O'Grady, C.C., Killasser, to Ballaghadereen; Rev. James O'Connor, C. C., Ballaghadereen to Attymass; Rev. M. J. Devine, late of the Irish College, Paris, to be C. C. of Killasser.

Thomas Green, a respectable young man employed in the counting-house of Lyons & Co., Passage West, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, at the American Hotel in that town, Jan. 19. A considerable sum of money was found on his person.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Dublin Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, on the 16th ult., Prof. O'Looney, in the chair, there were present Surgeon-Gen. King, M.R.I.A.; T. O'Neill Russell, Prof. Haugh, B.A.; Capt. T. Connor, R. J. Duffy, Thomas Rooney, J. Halligan, J. J. McSweeny, secretary, and many others. The council had under consideration the two vice-presidentships rendered vacant by the death of the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy and Marshal MacMahon. On motion of Prof. Haugh, seconded by T. O'Neill Russell, the Most Rev. William Fitzgerald, D.D., lord bishop of Ross, was elected in place of the Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, lord bishop of Cloyne. Prof. O'Looney gave notice that he would at the next meeting present the name of the Rev. Maxwell H. Close, M.A., treasurer of the Royal Irish Academy, to be vice-president in place of the late Marshal MacMahon. A communication was read from Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Cuffe street, a member of the society, in which he stated that he had now ready a new Gaelic book entitled "Blaithfhleasg de Mhilseainibh na Gaoidheilge," one of the stories contained in it being that of "Toirdhealbharh Mac Stairn." Letters were read from Mr. T. Keogh, Carlow; Rev. P. McDonald, Brooklyn, N.Y., and Mr. T. T. Manning, of Springfield, Mass.

In a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, Mr. Sweetman, M.P., says: "The total failure of Mr. Morley's administration in remedying the evils of an alien government proves conclusively that we cannot expect to see Ireland ruled for its people until it is ruled by its people."

John Nolan and John Mearn, who were in custody in Dublin, in connection with the Cardiff lane murder, have been released, the crown being unable to produce sufficient evidence to hold them.

The *Connacht Telegraph* says: "Canon Keller, of Youghal, has been chosen by the clergy of his diocese as dignissimus in the recommendations to be sent to Rome for bishop to succeed the late Dr. McCarthy. No comment upon the folly to which an alien government leads those who seek to enforce it could be more forcible than this. Here is a body of Irish priests, men of highly conservative instincts, choosing for the highest honor in their nomination, and more than that, for a position for which conscience compels them to select the wisest, holiest, and best of their number, a man whom English misrule deemed only worthy of a felon's cell. Canon Keller, should he become a bishop, will not be the first of the Irish hierarchy who has inhabited an English bastile. The late primate, Archbishop McGettigan, when he was a priest in Raphoe, underwent durance vile rather than submit to the dictates of English 'law.' A government is self-condemned which finds itself in antagonism to such men as these."

On Thursday, Jan. 25, a meeting was held in Galway under the auspices of the Gaelic League. The bishop of Galway presided, and addresses were delivered in Irish by Prof. O'Growney, Dr. Hyde, and others. A branch of the league will be established in Galway to further its work in that locality. The National teachers are being urged by the league to elect as their delegates to the next congress gentlemen who will support strong resolutions in favor of the Irish language.

Edward Gorman and his wife, of Killurley, near Cahirciveen, were found dead in their bed Jan. 15, having been suffocated by smoke from a fire in their room.

Miss Annie Gaule, daughter of Joseph Gaule, 17 Morley Terrace, Waterford, aged 14 years, died on the 14th ult. of melancholia, following the death of her beloved mother, whom she only survived one month. She was the eldest of a family of nine.

Much sorrow is felt for the death of Father Paul, of Mount Mellerav, which occurred Jan. 19. His extraordinary piety and the nobility of his character endeared him to hundreds of penitents spread all over the world. Before entering the monastery Father Paul was known as Father Cahill. He was 81 years of age.

The exports of butter, bacon and eggs from Waterford to Great Britain during last year were: Butter, 342,132 firkins; bacon, 137,084 bales; eggs, 38,297 cases.

In an assault case before Judge Kelly at the Kilrush petty sessions, the counsel for the defendant, John Reidy, a respectable looking man, decided to call no witnesses except as to character. "What is his age?" asked the judge; "Over 40 years," was the answer. "Is he married?" "No." "A fact which, to my mind," replied the judge, "speaks very strongly against his character. When a fellow cannot get a wife at 40 give him up."

Mr. Thos. O'Connor has been elected chairman of the Dungannon town commissioners in the place of Mr. T. Power, who resigned.

The forty-second annual meeting of the Cork Young Men's Society was held on Sunday, Jan. 13, under the presidency of the Bishop of Cork. The annual report was read by the Very Rev. Canon Maguire, and showed the society to be in a satisfactory condition. There was a debit balance of £275 incurred by the new extension buildings, and the hope was expressed that the debt would be cleared off by public subscription. Addresses were delivered by the Bishop, the mayor, the high sheriff, Mr. M. Healy, M. P., and other gentlemen.

The Rev. Canon Harold, P. P., Glasthule, died of apoplexy on Saturday week, at the age of 76 years. He was ordained forty-five years ago, and was parish priest of St. Joseph's, which includes Glasthule, Dalkey, and Ballybrack, for the last fourteen years.

IRISH-AMERICAN COUNCIL.

The Irish-American Council of this city will meet at Fitzgerald's Hall, corner of Holsted and Adams streets, on Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2 p.m., to make arrangements for the proper celebration of St. Patrick's Day, March 17. Societies are requested to send three delegates each.

JOHN FOLEY, Prest.
FRANK CONROY, Sec.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
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FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH CONDON, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph Condon, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.
BRIDGET CONDON, Administratrix.

ESTATE OF JAMES HOGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Hogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.
WILLIAM J. NEWMAN, Administrator.

ESTATE OF BENJAMIN J. WILLIAMS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Benjamin J. Williams, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted as a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.
SARAH WILLIAMS, Executrix.

ESTATE OF MATHIAS URBANUS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mathias Urbanus, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.
JOHN M. G. URBANUS, Administrator.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1894. Cora Wilson vs. Samuel M. Wilson. In Chancery. No. 185,479.
Notice is hereby given to the said Samuel M. Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JOHN MASTERS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Masters, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1894, being the 19th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, January 28, 1894.
MARY MASTERS,
Administratrix of said estate.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. Mary Hughes, administratrix of the estate of John W. Hughes, deceased, vs Margaret Hughes, James Hughes, John Thomas Hughes, William Hughes, Katie Hughes, and George Hughes, Nellie Hughes, Alice Hughes, and Stella Hughes, minors, and Frederick J. Schrier, Willoughby S. Lockwood, William J. Strickland and The Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc.
(Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.)
Public notice is hereby given that by virtue of a decretal order made and entered of record in the above entitled cause by the Probate Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1894, the undersigned Mary Hughes, administratrix of said estate, will sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder, for cash, on Thursday, the first (1st) day of March, A. D. 1894, at the hour of eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 59 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and state of Illinois, all the right, title and interest which was of the said John W. Hughes, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot two hundred and eighty-seven (287) in Fowler's resubdivision of part of the Southside Homestead Association addition, in section nine (9), township thirty-eight (38) north range fourteen (14) east of the third (3d) principal meridian, to pay the debts of said estate and costs of administration of said estate accrued and to accrue. Said real estate will be sold subject to a mortgage, dated August 23, 1892, given by said John W. Hughes and Margaret Hughes his wife, to the Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, to secure the note executed by John W. Hughes, of even date with said mortgage, for the sum of $2,500.00, subject also to the dower rights therein of Margaret Hughes widow of said John W. Hughes, deceased.
No deed will be delivered until the report of sale is confirmed by said Probate Court.
Dated Chicago, January 28, 1894.
MARY HUGHES,
Administratrix of the estate of John W. Hughes, deceased.
David Sullivan Attorney

MY BOOKS.

They dwell in the odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sheraton shrine.
They are "warranted early editions,"
These worshipful tomes of mine.

In their creamy "Oxford vellum,"
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their delicate watered linings,
They are jewels of price, I grant.

Blind tooled and Morocco jointed,
They have Zaehndorf's daintiest dress;
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust no less.

For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves.
The bulged and bruised octavos,
The dear and dumpsy twelves.

Montaigne, with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm drilled Jesuit's Horace,
And the little old cropped Moliere,

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Rabelais, foxed and flea'd,
For the others I never have opened,
But these are the books I read.
—Austin Dobson in Literary Weekly.

DOUBLE HEADED.

"Of course," said the doorkeeper, "we calculate in the dime museum business to deceive the public a little now and then, but as it is done for the amusement and instruction of the public I don't see as any one has any call to complain. Suppose I do exhibit a freak that isn't quite genuine. If it draws, it is because the public likes it, in which case the public ought to be satisfied. If it doesn't draw, the public doesn't pay out any money to see it and naturally doesn't feel that it is swindled. Now, I was swindled once, and pretty bad, too, by an artificial freak, and it was I and not the public that suffered. If you want to hear about it, I'll tell you the whole story, though I shouldn't like it to be known in the profession, for it doesn't do any credit to me as a professional man.

"I was exhibiting in Boston a good many years ago, and I am free to say that I was losing money. Boston doesn't seem to care for natural freaks. It goes in for philosophical and philanthropic freaks.

"I don't like to lose money any more than you do, and things were looking pretty blue for me when one day a carriage drives up to my door and a chap sends in word that he wanted to see me on professional business. I told my man to show him in, and when I saw him I put him down for a rascal without waiting to hear him speak. He told me that he had just arrived from Europe with a two headed girl, and that she was the biggest thing that any museum had ever offered to the public. He had her with him in the carriage, and I was the first manager that he had called to see since he landed.

"Now, I knew well enough that a two headed girl is about the scarcest thing that a museum can get hold of. I never knew of but one specimen of this kind, and she was worth pretty near her weight in gold.

"I went out to the carriage and had a look at the girl. There she sat, wrapped up in a big shawl. As far as I could see she was all right. Anyway there were two heads above the edge of the shawl, and they were as pretty heads as you could find in any English young ladies' seminary. If the two headed girl only corresponded to the sample I saw in the carriage, she would be the biggest attraction that Boston or any other city had ever seen.

"Well, I went back to my office, and the fellow and I talked the thing over. He said the girl was a Laplander and couldn't speak a word of any language except Laplandish. She was 16 years old and had never been out of her native village until he had accidentally seen her and hired her for a five years' tour of the world. So far he had not exhibited her anywhere, and he wanted her to make her debut in my show so as to give her a respectable standing in the profession from the start. Her terms were $100 a week and a benefit every six months, and he said that he should ask any other manager $125.

"I told him to bring in his girl where I could have a fair look at her, and then it would be time enough to talk about terms. He brought her in, and I noticed that she climbed down out of the carriage with considerable difficulty. The agent helped her into my office, where she sat down on the sofa and smiled at me with both heads in a way that would have been dangerous if she had tried it on some managers that I know.

"'There she is,' said the agent. 'The only genuine white two headed girl the world has ever seen. Above the waist, where she is joined together, she is perfect; two distinct girls, and good looking ones too. She's only got one pair of legs, which prevents her from walking easy, but she is as strong and healthy as they make 'em, and there ain't the least danger that she'll die on your hands.'

"Then he spoke some gibberish, which I supposed was Laplandish, to the girl, and she drew up the hem of her dress so as to show two nice little feet, and no more. Those feet ought to have awakened my suspicion, for they were the regulation Boston size. But I was so anxious to find that she was genuine that I didn't notice that there was anything wrong about her feet.

"'What do you say?' said the agent. 'Isn't she a first class attraction?'

"'She'll draw safe enough,' said I, provided she's genuine. 'I don't mean to say she ain't, but I've got to be sure about it before we can do any business.'

"'Oh! It's easy enough to prove that she is genuine,' says the fellow. 'I've got certificates from three of the leading physicians in Lapland, besides the affidavit of her father and mother and the parish priest. If they don't satisfy you, nothing will, and I shall have to take her to another manager.'

"'Show me the certificates!' said I.

"Well, he produced them on the spot, and they seemed all right. Of course I couldn't read a word of them, but they had a lot of sealing wax on them, which is always convincing and had a genuine official look. I wanted the girl so bad that perhaps it led me to be a little careless for once in my life. So I said to the agent that I would give him $25 a week and sign a contract with him for a year. We argued the matter for about an hour, and finally we came to an agreement on the basis of $75 a week and three benefits a year. It was the steepest price I ever paid, but I was losing money at the rate of $50 a week, and I was ready to take almost any chance of bringing up the business again. Besides, I knew that if the two headed girl didn't draw I should be ruined anyhow, and it didn't matter what I might agree to pay, as there would be no money to pay it with, whereas, if she did draw, as I expected she would, I could easily afford to pay $75 a week for her. I always did go on the principle of dealing liberally with people, especially when it is clear that there is nothing to be lost by it.

"While the agent and I were trying to get the best of one another the two headed girl sat with some of her arms around both her necks and was that patient and sweet tempered in appearance that I began to hope that for once I had found a freak that wouldn't be perpetually quarreling. I have told you, I presume, freaks do nothing but quarrel and fall in love. I don't wonder at their quarreling, seeing that they are shut up together day and night and haven't anything else to do, but it was a long time before I found out why they are continually falling in love. It is because they don't get any exercise, except now and then a drive in a closed carriage.

"You never heard of a trapeze performer or a strong man falling in love. That's because they work off their affections on their muscles. On the other hand, a fat woman who never gets any exercise at all is always in love, and generally two or three deep. Naturally the more freaks fall in love the more they quarrel, and there is hardly a day I don't have to smooth two or three of them down or threaten to lock them up till they quit heaving candlesticks and language at one another.

"Well, I advertised my two headed girl the next day, and when night came the house was packed. Ralph Waldo Emerson himself couldn't have drawn better. The very best classes of Boston society came to see the two headed girl, and more women with more spectacles and more false teeth came into the show than I had ever seen before in my whole professional experience.

"There wasn't the least doubt about the success of the two headed girl. In the very first week I took in $230 more than I had ever taken in in one week in my life before. The museum was crowded day and night, and every mother in Boston brought her children and told them that the two headed girl taught some great moral lesson, and that they ought to imitate her, or avoid imitating her, or some other rubbish of that general kind. I never pretend to understand such things myself. I don't associate with freaks to learn moral lessons from them. When I want moral lessons, I'll go to Sunday school and get 'em, instead of lowering myself to ask freaks to give me lessons.

"The two headed girl, as I have said in the beginning, was a Laplander and couldn't speak anything but Laplandish. She had been with me about a month when I was astonished one night after the exhibition had closed and the freaks had sat down to their usual banquet of pickles and cider to hear one of her heads say to the other:

"'You say that again, miss, and I'll tear your eyes out.'

"'Hello!' says I, 'thought neither of you could speak any English.'

"The girl blushed a double blush on all four cheeks and said: 'We've learned considerable since we came to America, but we never try to speak English because it ain't professional—not in our case, at any rate.'

"'That's all right,' said I. 'Speak what you like, only remember that I don't allow no quarreling among my people.'

"The next day I made inquiries about the two headed girl and found that both of her were in love with the same young man. He came to the show every day and always brought both of her flowers. I found out afterward that he was a philosopher and was studying what he called 'The Psychological Character of Female Dual Consciousness as Exemplified In the Two Headed Girl of Lapland.' I remember this because he wrote an article in The Atlantic Monthly with that title, which would have been a first class advertisement of the girl if she hadn't happened to have retired to private life when the article was published. He was a rather good looking young fellow, and both the heads of the girl considered that he was in love with them. Mary, which is what we used to call the right hand head, was sure that the young man was after her, and only gave flowers to Jane, who was the left hand head, in order not to give away the real state of his affections to the general public, while Jane was equally certain that it was she the young man was in love with, and that he considered the other head to be very much in the way.

"The fat woman, who sat close to the two headed girl on the stage, was really frightened at the way the two heads used to go on. She could hear them whispering to each other when the audience couldn't hear anything said. Mary would put her cheek up against Jane's and smile so sweetly that the audience would say, 'How perfectly lovely!' but all the time she would be saying, 'I'd like to bite your ugly ear off, miss!' and then presently Jane would put her arm around Mary's neck, and whisper: 'You mean, deceitful thing! Wait till we get to your room, and I'll let you know!' The fat woman, who was all the time reading dime novels, said she was afraid some awful tragedy was preparing, and that presently the place would be drowned in blood. She wasn't altogether wrong, as you'll see presently.

"One night, just after the banquet was over and the freaks had mostly gone to their rooms, we heard such a dismal shrieking from the two headed girl's room that we all rushed to the door—that is, when I say all, I mean the giant and the living skeleton, who had been sitting up with me a little later than usual. I never allow anything improper on the part of nobody in my show, and I set the example in such matters myself. So I told the giant and the skeleton that we would withdraw, while the strong woman would burst the door open and see what was the matter.

"Accordingly we did so, and the strong woman set her shoulder against the door, and it just sort of melted away, as you might say. She told me that she found the two headed girl having the liveliest kind of a fight with herself. She was lying on the floor, and the half of her which was uppermost and happened to be Mary was laying into the other half and hauling out the hair and the hairpins by handfuls. The strong woman, wanting to check the effusion of hair, went to work to separate them and succeeded altogether too well. In fact, when she got hold of Mary and tried to pull her clear of Jane's hair the two girls came apart altogether. The strong woman, who, like the rest of us, had believed in the two headed girl, was that frightened when she saw that she had pulled her clean apart that she, in turn, yelled for help.

"This time I had to lay aside my scruples and see for myself what was the matter. There sat the strong woman on the floor, holding half of the two headed girl in her arms, and there lay the other half, two or three yards off, on the carpet, crying her level best and cussing the rest of her in language which, if I am any judge of language, and I ought to be, was learned somewhere down by the wharves. When I saw that Jane was more frightened than hurt, I told her to go to bed and told the strong woman to take Mary into her room for the night. Mary went peaceably, for when the strong woman got hold of anybody, male or female, they generally did as she said.

"The next day I called up the two headed girl and told her our contract was at an end. 'I will never,' I said, 'be a party to a fraud on the public, especially when it is sure to be found out, and this of yours is. A committee of Boston surgeons was going to examine you this very day, and I, believing you to be genuine, was to offer them every facility. What I am offering now is a free passage for you both from here to New York, and don't you ever let me hear of your trying to exhibit again, or I'll come out and tell the truth about you.'

"That was my only attempt at exhibiting a two headed girl. I ought not to be hard on the girls, for they pulled me through a very tight place in my professional career, but at the same time they took me in, and not being a part of the public I don't like to be took in. However, it all happened long ago, and I defy any freak to play any sort of game on me again. If there is any deceit to be practiced in my show, I conceive that I am the only one to do it and not the one to be practiced on."—Strand Magazine.

Preservation of Steel Pens.

Almost all of the inks at present in use in commercial establishments, and especially the cheaper black ones, attack steel pens rapidly and make many of the finer pointed pens useless after a few hours of constant use. M. Guyot suggests a little device by which steel pens may be protected against this corrosive action of ink for a very long time. He says: Keep on your table a little cylindrical vessel—a tumbler, for instance—in the bottom of which have placed a few crystals of potassium carbonate and over this a moistened sponge.

If, when you finish writing, you will drop your penholder into this glass, letting the penholder rest in contact with the sponge, when you again need it you will find it clean and uncorroded. The same result will be obtained if you occasionally wipe it on the sponge, and subsequently on a dry wiper, during its protracted use. If you wipe it on the sponge frequently, and put it right back in the ink, you run the risk of eventually spoiling the ink in the stand, as well as in writing a word immediately after cleaning, which with some inks will fade.—National Druggist.

Sandringham Palace.

A visitor to the Princess of Wales at Sandringham says: "The mere look of the hall, with a stuffed bruin standing there, handing you brandies and sodas, cigars or cigarettes, upon his tray whenever you pass by, has a unique air of comfort. Everybody who visits Sandringham is aware he must pass through two ordeals; he must write his name with a few original lines in the visitors' book and submit to testing his weight on the weighing machine. The sitting rooms at Sandringham are among the most charming in the kingdom. There is almost always the sound of distant piano playing somewhere, with the accompaniment of cries from a perky parrot of 'God Save the Queen!' The princess has a special love for animals, and the many pets at Sandringham all combine to contribute to the pleasant domestic air of the place."

Abuse of the Eyes.

Sir Andrew Clark, when accused of "abusing his eyes" by writing hour after hour during the railway journey from London to Holyhead, said: "I am using my eyes, not abusing them. You cannot injure any organ by the exercise of it, but it is the excess of use that injures. I have always been accustomed when traveling to write and occasionally to read without the smallest symptom of mischief; otherwise I would not do it."

A Use For Money.

Mr. Gout—All my money cannot give me health, doctor!

Dr. Bolus—No, perhaps not, but it is of inestimable value nevertheless. It gives your physician great confidence.—Exchange.

A UNIQUE DECISION.

HOW THE MISSOURI JUDGE SETTLED A BOUNDARY QUESTION.

Both Sides Proved Their Claims, and Each Fully Disproved the Claims of the Other. The Squire Knew the Contestants Were Not Responsible For the "Lawin."

Asa Beeson served in the capacity of a justice of the peace in one of the back counties of Missouri in the good old times preceding the war. His knowledge of law was extremely limited, and he wouldn't have known a mandamus from an alibi, but he possessed a fine sense of justice, and his decisions, though sometimes original, were usually in favor of the right and for the promotion of peace and harmony.

On one occasion he had on trial before him a case entitled Hunter versus Riggins, in which the cause of dispute was a line fence separating the farms of the contestants. The plaintiff was a young widow and the defendant a bachelor, and a good many people, the squire among the number, felt that it would have been better for the happiness and prosperity of both if they had joined in matrimony rather than a legal battle that promised to last through years and bring no good results to either party in the end. The squire, observing the contestants closely before the trial, was sure he had discovered something beneath the surface of their hearts which they were carefully concealing from the public and each other. When the case was called, there was an army of witnesses and a world of evidence, and all so conflicting that it would have required a Solomon to have rendered a just decision. Squire Beeson listened, scratched his head and looked completely puzzled.

"This is a case," he said, when the last witness had testified, "that stumps me, and I acknowledge that I'm beat. I've had lots o' cases a-fore this, an some of 'em was purty bad mixed, but I ain't never had one that I couldn't figger out the right an the wrong of it. This, though, is different. Both sides has proved every p'int set up, an both has disproved everything proved by each other. The evidence is jest a stand-off all round, an I'll be hanged if 40 Philadelphia lawyers could make out which is right an which is wrong."

The squire paused a moment, then resumed: "Now, as I understand this matter, the whole question is, which of you two parties owns a six foot strip of land lying between your two farms. Am I correct?"

"You are," Riggins answered, and the widow nodded in the affirmative.

"You are both agreed on that," the squire remarked, "so that p'int is settled. Now, another thing I understand is this: The line between the two farms has been surveyed and located a dozen times, first by one party, an then the other, an no two of them surveys has put the line in the same place. Have I got the right understandin thar?"

The plaintiff and defendant both nodded their assent.

"All right," said the squire, "that settles that p'int. Now, I believe this matter has been in dispute a good many years in the courts an out, an that it has been decided a dozen times one way an another, but that so far nobody has been satisfied, an nothin like a settlement has been reached. Is that correct?"

The contestants exchanged a quick glance, then, turning their eyes back on the squire, nodded again.

"Then," continued the squire, "how am I goin to decide this matter when the surveyors can't agree on the line, an the courts ain't never been able to agree on the ownership o' the land? An what good would it do if I decide when the one I decided agin would go right to work to git a new hearin?"

Neither of the interested parties made any answer, and after a short pause the squire went on.

"It's well known to me," he said, "that neither of you two ain't responsible for this lawin, because neither of you started it. It was begun by your fathers 'way back yonder years ago, an it's come down to you with the land as a part o' your inheritance. I'm of the opinion that you are both sick o' the thing, an that in your hearts you wish you were done with it. But I can tell you now you will never git done with it by lawin over it. Never in the world, for no courts will ever settle on the ownership o' that six foot strip o' ground. Yet this matter can be settled, an this court feels that it is her duty to settle it. She don't presume to say who is right nor who is wrong nor whar the division line between the farms ought to be. That wouldn't settle nothin if she did. Thar is a better an a more sensible way o' gettin at this business. My decision is that thar shan't be no division line no more, an that the two farms shall be consolidated into one."

The contestants looked at the squire in amazement, and almost a minute passed in perfect silence. Finally Riggins gasped: "Consolidate the two farms into one! How can that be managed?"

"Jest as easy as fallin off a log. All you have to do is to stan up yere afore me 'bout 10 seconds, an I'll have it fixed. I'll make you man an wife, an then ther' won't need to be no line between the farms. Come, that is my decision."

"That we must marry?" Riggins asked.

"Exactly," the squire replied.

"But—Mrs. Hunter—I"— Riggins stammered.

"It's all right with both of you," the squire interrupted. "I know it if you don't. Come, stan up, or I'll fine you for contempt."

The contestants exchanged a glance, and each saw what was in the heart of the other. They stood up, beaming with happiness, and were married. There was no appeal from Squire Beeson's decision and no further lawing.—New York Tribune.

Aluminium Flashlights.

The use of aluminium in place of magnesium for the production of flashlight is strongly advocated by Professor Glasenapp. He states that aluminium, if employed in the form of bronze powder, is not only equal to magnesium as a source of light in taking photographs by flashlight, but that it is really much cheaper than the latter. The following is stated to be the proper mixture for the purpose: Aluminium powder, 21.7 parts by weight; sulphide of antimony, 13.8 parts and potassium chlorate, 64.5 parts, the same precautions being taken in preparing the mixture as in the case of the magnesium flashlight.

In regard to the rapidity of combustion of such a mixture one-seventeenth of a second has been found out. Two grams of the mixture were burned in a small heap, 2 centimeters long and a centimeter wide. And in respect of chemical intensity Professor G. states that he found by exposing gelatin plates beneath a Warnerke actinometer to the light of said mixture and to that of other mixtures prepared with magnesium the employment of equal quantities of the metals resulted in a superior light from aluminium, though not of considerable amount. The speed of combustion is ascertained to be slower—about one-fifth of a second—if a mixture is used composed of 30 parts, by weight, of aluminium powder and 70 parts of potassium chlorate.—New York Sun.

She Reformed.

A certain western senator had two sons, little fellows 9 and 11 years of age, when he came to the capital two or three years ago. Their mother had devoted herself to their education and pleasure almost exclusively, but here she found that the demands of society would not permit her to give quite so much time to them. So they were sent to school, and often they had to go to bed without the pretty story.

One evening the mother noticed that the older boy seemed unusually grave. She was making preparations to go out to dinner. He said:

"Mamma, are you going out again?"

"Yes, my dear; mamma has to go. She dislikes to leave you so much, but papa wants her. Go to bed, my deare, and to sleep; you won't miss me then."

"Mamma," said he, with all the gravity of a full grown man taxed to the limit of his patience, "mamma, how much longer is this thing going to last? What is to become of us if you neglect us so?"

The mother did not go out to dinner that night. She staid at home, told and read stories to the boys and petted them. The result was, and still is, that the mother devotes all her Saturdays to the youngsters. They visit the art gallery, the museum, the capitol, the old houses and the zoo.

"I enjoy it," she says, "as much as they do."—Capital.

An Easy Mark.

A woman's poker club flourishes in one of the suburbs of Cincinnati. They say that a cold, unfeeling man from an eastern city, where artistic poker flourishes as a green bay tree, wended his way to this same suburb one day. He had simply gone to call on a friend of his mother. The lady was not at home, but next door, the servant informed him. Innocently and as free from guile as a commercial traveler, he made his way to the neighboring house and asked for Mrs. ——. He was admitted and found the educational circle in deep study. He was invited and fell. Who can resist feminine wiles and poker?

He sat down and gave the ladies some highly valuable information, which cost them just $60. Then he rose up with the conscious pride of a man who has not lived in vain and left them lamenting. Cold and unfeeling man! He left them in the hole and sought the city, where he bought and sent to a friend a handsome present. He said that that game was the softest snap in the universal hemisphere, which shows that after all woman's sphere is not a complete circle.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Postmaster's Subterfuge.

"One of the most pathetic scenes that ever came under my observation," said a southerner, "was at a country store on the Big Sandy river in West Virginia. I was there as a special postoffice inspector and was sitting in the store one bitterly cold night. A feeble old woman, wearing a thin calico dress and a faded sunbonnet, came in timidly, as if fearing bad news. 'I don't reckon you ain't got nothin for me,' she said to the storekeeper. 'Yes; I've got a letter,' and the old woman clutched it to her bosom as if it was the dearest thing on earth to her, and with a quick step born of happiness she walked out. 'I wrote that letter myself,' said the storekeeper to me. 'Her son went down the river on a raft three years ago and was drowned. The old woman could never understand that the boy was dead, and she writes to him every week, just backing her letters, "My Boy Bill, Down the River." It hurt her so not to get any answers that every week I write to her and sign Bill's name.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Novel Use For Cranks.

"The only way to dispose of the crank question," said the man with the long hair and soiled shirt front, "is to arrest all suspicious characters, examine them, and every one who don't know the difference between right and wrong confine him perpetually in the courthouses"——

"What for?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"What for? Under modern legal requirements where—I repeat—where would you find such a petit jury?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Feky Old Place.

Lady Betty (proud of old ancestral mansion, where the family have lived ever since the reign of Henry VIII)—Just fancy what papa's having done! He's having the electric light put in!

Prosaic Sister-in-law (from Chicago)—I'm real glad to hear it. It'll be the making of the place.—London Punch.

HADSHI IZZET HATED CHRISTIANS.

But a Consul Once Made the Famous Turkish Governor Respect Him.

Some time ago there died in Adrianople one of the most famous and original of the subjects of the sultan of Turkey. He was Hadshi Achmed Izzet, pasha governor general of the valayet, or province, bordering on the Black sea. Hadshi Izzet was an ideal Turk of the old school, a strange mixture of Solomonlike wisdom and childish foolishness, energy and apathy, cruelty and mercy, truth and deceit, generosity and avarice.

In the eyes of the ruler and contemporaries he was a hero, and it was with a purpose clear to many that his majesty appointed him governor general of Adrianople and kept him for as many years at the head of that important province—the gateway of the Ottoman empire. The pasha was born more than 90 years ago and rapidly climbed to places commensurate with his name and the influence of his family. At the time of his death he was the dean of the Turkish viziero.

Almost countless are the anecdotes told of the pasha, who was known and respected from the Turkish Dan to the Turkish Beersheba. His hatred of the "Christian dogs," as he always called the people of the west, was boundless. It was invariably his custom, when force of circumstances obliged him to give his hand to a "dog," to wash it upon withdrawal while in the presence of his guest. It is said that Hadshi Izzet laid aside his habit only once.

One day a consul of one of the greatest European countries was obliged to seek an audience with the sultan's lieutenant in governmental affairs. He had already been insulted once by the pasha's washing his hands after the greeting and determined that he should not be so treated a second time if he could possibly prevent it. The consul was a thorough master of the Turkish tongue, and for this reason had a great advantage over many of his colleagues.

When the servant of Hadshi Izzet received him at the palace threshold, he spoke as follows in a voice which he knew would reach the ears of the governor in his office near by:

"Go and tell thy master that I wish to speak to him. Say to him that I shall also do him the honor to give him my hand, but shall crack my hat over his ears if he attempts to wash his hands after shaking mine."

The servant started away to announce the visitor to his master. But the governor had already heard the message and came, smiling, toward the daring consul. While he placed his right hand in that of the foreign representative he said: "That was right. You please me, effendi. You at least have courage."

The hands were not washed until the consul had left the palace.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Taylor's Preparation For Buena Vista.

I refer to Zachary Taylor, whose record in the Mexican war was something phenomenal! He fought the battle of Buena Vista with only 5,000 men, although he was attacked by 25,000 men under the leadership of Santa Anna, who was the greatest military leader the Mexicans have ever known. Santa Anna went to the battle of Buena Vista with the avowed purpose of exterminating the entire army of the United States, and there was no doubt in the mind of Santa Anna that this great feat could be accomplished with comparative ease. General Taylor, with his 5,000 men, prepared for the unequal contest, and not only defended himself successfully, but won a substantial victory from his aggressive antagonists and drove them from the battlefield of Buena Vista.

Some time after the battle was fought and the Mexican war concluded General Taylor was criticised for having made no preparations for the retreat of his army in the event of defeat. General Taylor promptly replied: "I made every preparation necessary for the battle of Buena Vista. I wrote my will, and so did nearly every man in my army. If we had not won that battle, we would have needed no lines of retreat. It was, from our standpoint, victory or annihilation. The only preparation necessary for the contingency of defeat at Buena Vista was that we should write our wills."—Boston Transcript.

Genius and Heredity.

The world is not going to suffer through the decline of maternity among the upper classes. Out from the ranks of the poor and unlettered will spring statesmen or actors, musicians, poets, scholars and reformers, who shall keep the great machinery of the world in motion and who shall in their turn, according to a natural law, die without noteworthy offspring and give place to others to rise from unlooked for sources. Did great brain produce greater brain, did genius produce greater genius, from one generation to another, the earth would soon groan under the oppression of tyrants of colossal intellectual power, as it now groans under the tyrants of inherited thrones and fortunes. It is well for humanity at large that genius cannot be entailed. Time is doing away with thrones, and may God speed the day when great wealth, too, shall reach its limit with each generation, and a monopoly of human rights become an impossibility!—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Testing a Razor.

The economical young man took his razor to one of the best barbers in town to be honed. Returning to get it, he found it ready for him.

"I'll warrant that edge," said the barber.

"It does look pretty sharp," said the man, and he began to feel the edge with his thumb.

"But I won't warrant it if you do that," declared the barber. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do. You might better cut your nails with it than run your finger across the edge once or shave with it for a month. There's nothing like knowing a thing or two," the barber added.—Buffalo Express.

THE CHINESE AT HOME

MANY OF THEIR CUSTOMS ARE THE REVERSE OF OURS.

How They Compare With the Japanese. What Constitutes an Education—No Hereditary Aristocracy In China—The People Very In Different Sections.

The samples we get of China in our country give us very inadequate ideas of the people. We have here to contemplate a civilization entirely unlike our own, but in itself much more complete than ours. In the presence of the Chinese, all Europeans and Americans are parvenus. These people burned coal before the Christian era. They invented printing 1,000 years before Gutenberg and Faust flourished, and they knew the use of gunpowder when our forefathers were using bows and arrows. In most things which appear on the surface they are our antipodes. They mount a horse from the right side instead of the left, read from left to right, say west south instead of southwest, their mariner's needle points to the south, the men wear petticoats and the women trousers, they shave the fronts of their heads and not their faces, shake their own hands instead of each others as a greeting, write their family names first and their given names afterward, have their marginal notes at the top of their books, place a distinguished guest on the left and are careful not to uncover in his presence, wear white for mourning, the men sew and the women work in the fields, and so on to the end of the chapter.

We shall find in China the origin of much that we have seen in Japan. The position of woman in the family and society is about the same, except that the Japanese women do not cramp their feet, and therefore can go about more freely. The domestic architecture is similar, so far as external construction goes, but the Chinese houses have no mats, and the people do not squat on the floor. Both wear loose, flowing robes, which the Chinese button, but the Japanese do not. In the conversation of the people the Chinese indulge in honorifics as much as the Japanese. It is the correct thing to ask your friend to coudescend to come from his elegant house to your miserable hovel, or to allow his distinguished cup of tea to descend to your unworthy self. The Chinese classics are also the classics in Japan, and the Chinese ideagraphs are used by Japanese writers. Education is mainly etiquette. The Chinese have 3,000 rules of behavior, which the educated man must know. If a man have bad manners, they say he is not educated.

The Chinese sages, like Confucius, Mencius and others whose works are classics, enunciated a high grade of ethics. Confucius stated the golden rule, though negatively, thus: "If there is anything I do not want done to me, I will not do it unto another." His ethical teachings take rank with those of the Greek and Roman moralists and the Hebrew prophets, but are without reference to a Supreme Being who requires us to keep his commandments. The family customs are similar to the Japanese. Society is patriarchal. The family, not the individual, is considered. Marriages are arranged as in Japan to perpetuate the family, and go betweens are employed to settle the terms. There is only one wife, but concubines are taken into the house at will. The wife finds life burdensome when she is the servant of the household, especially of her father-in-law and mother-in-law, but when she becomes a mother-in-law she gets her own innings and makes it warm for her daughter-in-law.

The Chinese have as many genuflexions as the Japanese and numerous grades of obeisances to be employed according to circumstances. Three prostrations, each with three knockings of the head against the floor, are supposed to be about the extreme exhibition of respect. The people vary a good deal in the different sections. The south of China is mountainous, and the people there are smaller, more volatile and brighter than in the north, where the crowded dwellers on the plains and paddy fields are heavier, less excitable, not so quick to see or act. There is no hereditary aristocracy in China. All the people are bound to obey the will of the emperor and have no rights he is bound to respect. There is no caste, as in India. The people are classified as natives and aliens, the latter being subdued people in the provinces; conquerors and conquered, with special reference to the prohibition of marriages between the Mantchoo and Chinese, and freemen and slaves. There are no laws against slavery. Every native is allowed to purchase slaves and retain their children in servitude, but the number of slaves is small, and their condition is comparatively easy. Probably there are no better mannered people in the world than the educated Chinese. They are also very competent business men, and as such enjoy an excellent reputation.—Cor. Boston Herald.

Marriage Proposal Reform.

A suggestion is made for a legal reform which, while retaining breach of promise actions, would deprive them of all their ornamental trimmings in the shape of love letters and the other usual incidents of courtship. It is proposed that no promise of marriage should be held valid unless it is made in writing upon properly stamped paper. Young ladies might affix a sixpenny stamp to the letter in which the swain declares his affections and ask him to be so good as to cancel it with his autograph.—London Tit-Bits.

She Was Invited.

"Did any one say anything to me?" asked Mamie as she saw the family at luncheon.

"No, my child, but will you have some salad?"

"I don't know," replied the child. "Mamma said I must not eat 'less I was 'vited."—Newport Daily News.

EXERCISE FOR THE EYES.

Absolutely Necessary In Order That the Vision May Be Preserved.

When the eyes are treated fairly, they are strengthened, not weakened, by work. Just as the arms of a blacksmith grow the stronger for his trade, so the eyes of watchmakers who work under healthy conditions are found to improve and not to deteriorate in vigor and quickness. It is the abuse of the eyes, not their use, which is to be avoided.

If a man is aware either that his eyes need no artificial correction or else have received their proper adjustment, and if his work, whether literary or mechanical, is done in a light both steady and sufficient and with a due regard as to ordinary sanitary rules, he may feel sure that he is strengthening his eyes, not weakening them, by hard work. Men of intellectual pursuits sometimes are afraid of losing their mental powers in old age because they have drawn so much upon them when young. The reverse is nearer the truth, and if they have not overtaxed their brains the fear is absolutely groundless.

The man whose intellect goes first in old age is generally some farmer or laborer who has never strengthened and invigorated it by use; not the politician, the lawyer or the man of letters. So with the eyes. Those who had strengthened their eyes by using them properly keep keen sight longer than those who have never trained them. In the case of the man who has neglected to give his eyes full development they will fail in power along with his other bodily functions. When, however, the man who, born with good eyes, has kept them in constant hard work and yet never strained them reaches old age, he may find them capable of performing their functions better than any other organ of the body.—Philadelphia Times.

Three Prayers of a Little Girl.

"God bless us every one." A little girl in bed in the other room is praying to go to sleep, but fighting to stay awake. "O Lord," said she, "make me good and let me go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Don't let it hail or snow or rain, for I want to go in the omnibus to see Aunt Margaret very much indeed, and all the aunts and nieces and mothers. Make me well so that I can go in the omnibus, please do. Bless grandpa and grandma, Aunt Kate and Aunt Sophia and Mr. Charles Swan. Bless papa and mamma, and make us all good so that we can go to heaven at last, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

There was a short pause, and then the wide awake, defiant voice went on:

"Keep grandma from dying before she gets here. Don't let anything happen to her. Don't let any bears or wild beasts eat her up. Bless grandpa and grandma and Mr. Charles Swan and Aunt Kate and Aunt Sophia."

Another pause, a little longer than the first, and the unconquered one began again:

"I long for apples. I long for milk. I long for pie. I long to be good. I wish I had not that cold. I long for some brown bread. I long for some molasses. I long for some white bread. I long to be a woman. I thank thee that it did not rain or snow. Give me a clean spirit. Let me be good when papa is here, for it grieves him to have me naughty, and he buys me things—playthings. I have prayed that I should go to sleep. That makes three prayers."

A yawn, a long drawn breath, and then silence presently announced that the last prayer was answered, and sleep reigned.—Dan McCauley in Washington Post.

Now It's an Aluminium Wedding.

The already long list of jubilees and family celebrations has been enriched by a novelty in the line of wedding festivities. The family and friends of a rich manufacturer living in the neighborhood of Berlin deemed the interval between the silver and golden wedding to be altogether too long, and halving it introduced last week an aluminium wedding by offering the happy couple on the occasion of the completion of 87½ years of wedded life a choice variety of presents made of aluminium. If this novel idea should take, the aluminium industry has a great future before it. The Prussian capital, of all German cities the one most given to societies and fetes of every possible name and description, has since gone even one better by celebrating a seven year wedding, which the friends of the parties, with true Berlin humor, christened the jubilee of the seven years' war.—Paris American Register.

Sympathetic Vaccination.

The Listener has heard of something very queer and quite new to him. It is sympathetic vaccination, which several people are said to have suffered from. Without having been vaccinated at all, but with vaccinated people all about, you presently feel at times a stinging or itching sensation in a spot on your arm where the doctor would have vaccinated you if you had been vaccinated. In some cases this sympathetic vaccination afflicts only the left arm, but occasionally it shifts from one arm to the other, appearing first on the left and then for a time on the right. It is believed to be a nervous outgrowth of the continual complaints of vaccinated people and their everlasting description of their sensations.—Boston Transcript.

His View of the Case.

The editor of a daily to his reporter, who looks savage, "What is the matter with you, friend?"

"The matter? Just this: I was told there had been a collision on the western line—10 killed, 20 injured! I wired for particulars. Nothing; not the slightest accident—isn't it vexing?"—Patriote Normand.

Rather Premature.

In the first number of a new German periodical appeared a letter to the editor signed, "A Susbcriber of Many Years' Standing."—Hamburger Fremdenblatt.

TWILIGHT.

A clear, pale sky—serene and autumn cold.
Thin floats the buoyant crescent silver keen
Through luminous far drawn spaces faintly green,
Save for one long, low, lingering streak of gold.
Blue mists the hushed and supine land enfold
And dim the winding little river's sheen,
Where, darkly clustered, shadowy willows lean,
And chill and heavy lie on plain and wold.
Now as the daylight's eager voices fade,
And life is narrowed to a shrinking span,
A twilight breath of calm and peace and shade
Now on the hot and restless heart of man,
From individual hopes and fears set free,
A quiet touch from out the unknown is laid—
The thought of compassing eternity!
—Cornhill Magazine.

An Exception to Nature's Laws.

According to the general laws of nature, when a body is cooled it becomes heavier than when it is hot. There is at least one exception to this rule, and that is in the case of water. Now, before you read further, shut your eyes and see if you can figure out just exactly how important this exception is to humanity. Cool a can or other vessel of water from, say, 70 degrees down to 40 degrees and then pour it into a tub of water the temperature of which is any place between 50 and 80 degrees. You will notice that the cold water will immediately sink to the bottom, and right here is an explanation of the mystery of river and lake circulation. But when your cooling process goes below 39 degrees, strange as it may seem, the water becomes lighter than it was when it was only one or two degrees warmer, and if poured into a tub heated as directed above will stay on top or immediately rise to that position. Now, let us suppose that water continued to get heavier as it got colder, as other bodies do; what would happen? Ice as soon as it formed would sink to the bottom, layer upon layer, and in this way seas, lakes and rivers would be frozen solid. But one freezing would do for all time, as the rays of the sun would not penetrate the thin skim of cold summer water to a sufficient depth to thaw the rigid mass. For us it is fortunate that there are "exceptions to all rules."—St. Louis Republic.

Treatment For Wounds.

Dr. Eichler, in the "Aerzt, Prakt," advocates Peru balsam as a dressing which causes lacerated wounds to heal quickly, its points of adaptation being that it adheres well and covers the entire surface of the wounds; it has a drying effect, but stimulates granulations, and following application a scab is formed under which healing goes on. Dr. Eichler states that its use is especially indicated in the treatment of wounds having a tendency to marked suppuration or partial gangrene, and in injuries of the hands and fingers the results are excellent. In practice, after coaptition of the margins of the wound, the Peru balsam is poured over the entire surface, which is then covered with thin layers of gauze moistened with balsam and an ordinary dressing. The latter may be left in place for several days, though it is an advantage to remove the outer dressing daily and moisten the gauze with the balsam without removing it from the wound. —New York Tribune.

Maori Women.

The Maori women are a potent factor in island life and must not be forgotten. Liquid dark eyes, soft voices, affectionate and merry dispositions, light brown skins of ivory smoothness and gracefulness in every movement are their most striking characteristics. Seldom are they to be seen in a passion, and not a single "cuss word" for man or woman is to be found in the vocabulary of this charming people. In the most furious rage they can only call each other cat, bullock, dog, goat, sheep or pig. The most deadly is wild duck, implying a child whom nobody will own.—Fortnightly Review.

Chewing Gum and Mal de Mer.

An English woman has made a discovery which she communicates to a magazine as follows: "I wonder how it is we know nothing of the wonderful America chewing gum as a remedy against seasickness. The other day, when crossing the terrible silver streak, an American lady kindly offered me a piece which she had obtained in New York. It was of a wafery looking consistency, flavored with pepsin, and it carried me safely over from Dover to Calais with perfect comfort."

Cumulative Proof.

A—I tell you, a year ago, we had 19 degrees of frost in Berlin.

B—Why, that isn't worth talking about; here in Dresden we have had as much as 80 degrees.

A—Thirty degrees? Nonsense!

B—It's perfectly correct—15 in the New Town and 15 in the Old Town.—Humoristisches.

The prisons of Morocco are the worst in the world. No care or attention whatever is given to the prisoners. They are left dependent on their friends for food, and if they have no friends the government provides only a bit of bread or a handful of grain daily to keep them alive.

A man was arraigned in a London court for creating a nuisance by playing a bagpipe. The court ruled that the bagpipe is a musical instrument, and he went scot free. Whether or not the decision is a musical one is a question.

Twelve steel plates from designs for illustrations to "Pickwick," made nearly half a century ago by Onwhyn, have been discovered in London, and prints from them have been published.

Dr. Boyd, at one time surgeon on the City of Rome, says in The Lancet that administrations of chlorbrom and attention to diet will insure the passenger immunity from seasickness.

The interest on the public debt of the United States approximates $100 per minute.

The Real David Crockett.

Mrs. Ibbie Gordon of Clarksville, Tex., who was born in 1805, was once introduced to David Crockett. Describing the incident, she says: "It was in the winter of 1834, not long after Crockett had been defeated for congress in Tennessee. We heard that Crockett had crossed Red river, and fearing that he might not come through Clarksville, but keep on the old Trammell trail, we intended to meet him. Jane Latimer, then a girl of 18, rode behind me, and Betsy Latimer followed on a pony. We overtook Crockett and his party at the house of Edward Deen, about four miles from Clarksville. It was early in the morning, and when Mrs. Deen saw us she said, 'Mrs. Clark, what in the name of God brings you here at this time of the day?' 'My horse brought me,' I answered, and then I told her I wanted some breakfast. We went into the house, and a friend, who had known Crockett in Tennessee, introduced us. Crockett was dressed like a gentleman and not as a backwoodsman. He did not wear a coonskin cap. It has always disgusted me to read these accounts of Crockett that characterize him as an ignorant backwoodsman. Neither in dress, conversation nor bearing could he have created the impression that he was ignorant or uncouth. He was a man of wide practical information and was dignified and entertaining. His language was about as good as any we hear nowadays."—Galveston News.

Artificial Purification of Water.

A notable example is furnished by the city of Berlin, in the interests of public health, in its treatment of water by artificial purification, the present system being, as stated, the result of extensive experiments for 15 years past. It seems that the attempt was first made to establish a plan of natural filtration by digging deep wells near the river and lakes from which water was obtained, and allowing the water to drain through the soil from the source of supply to the wells, from which it was then pumped to the city reservoirs, but this plan was abandoned on the fact being demonstrated that the water thus supplied remained impure. Artificial filtration was consequently substituted, the water being filtered through sand, a large number of filter basins meeting this requirement. They are covered by roofs of stone, earth and sod, in order to prevent atmospheric contamination and the formation of ice in cold weather as well as to facilitate the frequent removals of those impurities which gather upon the surface of the sand. The careful examinations of the water constantly made by official experts show that, while there is a small reduction in the quantity of organic matter in the filtered water, the important fact also appears that there is a retention of solid impurities and of a large percentage of bacteria.—New York Tribune.

A Troublesome Word.

How much better it would be if the past tense of the verb read could be changed to red. The verb read would then form the past tense (red) analogously with the verb lead, and that tense, as in the case of led, would then be spelled as it is pronounced, red. When a person is reading aloud and comes to the word read, he is often unable to tell whether it should be pronounced reed or red and after mispronouncing it reed when it should be pronounced red, or vice versa, he is obliged, after getting into the midst of a sentence, to go back and set himself right. Take, for example, the following sentence, and nobody can tell, when he reaches the word read, whether it is to be pronounced reed or red: "Those who read Sir Walter Scott's novel of 'Edward Waverley' when it first appeared did not know by whom it was written." In this example read is to be pronounced red, but nobody would know this till reaching a subsequent part of the sentence, and the reader is just as apt to mispronounce it reed as to give it the correct pronunciation of red. In the sentence given as an example the reader learns soon after passing the word read how it should be pronounced, but in many cases one has to proceed quite a distance after reaching the word before the context shows how it should be pronounced.—Boston Transcript.

Tungsten.

The fact is well known that a mixture of tungsten with steel imparts to the latter so great a degree of hardness that it readily scratches glass and quartz. Recent investigations have thrown light upon this somewhat remarkable phenomenon—that is, a definitely crystallized compound of iron and tungsten is announced as having lately been discovered, the crystals being so hard as to be capable of scratching topaz. Tungsten is a brittle white metal, almost as heavy as gold, and the crystals formed by its combination with iron, in the proportion of one atom of iron to two of tungsten, are silver gray and very brilliant. The conclusion arrived at by experts in this line is that, on tungsten being alloyed with steel, some of the compound just described is formed in the mass, thereby producing the remarkable increase in the hardness of steel and adding to its usefulness.—New York Sun.

Explosives That Must Be Shocked.

Some explosives, such as dynamite, nitroglycerol, gun cotton, picric acid and the new German military powder, when simply heated, burn quietly if freely exposed, or, if confined, explode only at the spot where heat is applied, without the whole mass taking part in the explosion. According to H. Blitz, this is probably because they are bad conductors of their own explosive wave. If, however, the same substances are subjected to a violent shock by the explosion in their midst of initial charges of mercury fulminate, the shock apparently affects all the molecules of the explosive at once, and the whole mass of the latter explodes with a violence that is enormous and destructive.—Journal of Commerce.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 235 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4730 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie-st; R J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana-sts at 8 p m.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 3314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

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Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

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St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

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Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 228 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, M T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, F E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Bennett, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Cancvin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Luak, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J F Stephan, 210 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter L Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 370 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 228 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Rieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Prosen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, J T Platte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Daly, 2940 Y-bland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3143 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer jr, 102

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